

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 13, 1962

BRITAIN & THE COMMON MARKET
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Robert Vickrey



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LETTERS

God & Country

Sir: Thanks for your interesting, fair and historically sound treatment of the Supreme Court's decision regarding the use of a prayer composed by the New York State Board of Regents for use in public schools [July 6].

In recent years, Americans have been forgetting (or have never learned) the very sound values of the separation of church and state. We hope they will read the latter part of your article carefully.

(MRS.) DOROTHY C. LEIFFER

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: The Board of Regents' prayer was sectarian. It stated or implied four dogmas that form the basis for a well-defined doctrine: first, that a "God" exists; secondly, that there is only one such "God"; that this "God" was the creator of the universe; and lastly, that "God" hears such prayers and can intercede in human affairs to answer them. Here is an unambiguously stated credo for a sect that, no matter how large and inclusive it be, is still only a sect whose doctrine is not acceptable to all.

Accepting the premise that the prayer was sectarian, the schools' use of it jeopardized the students' right to freedom of religion. To a child, the school is the fountain of knowledge and source of authority. If the school favors or encourages a practice or belief, the child must make the tacit assumption that such practice or belief is "right." Thus the schools' use of such a prayer is a misuse of its position of authority and fosters, even in the nonparticipating child, a faith in the rightness of the prayer.

Therefore, no matter how subtle the pressure may be, the child is pushed to accepting the beliefs sponsoring this ritual.

BUFORD C. TERRELL

Altus, Okla.

Sir: Judge Potter Stewart [who was the lone dissenter to the majority decision] for TIME's Man of the Year!

WILLIAM J. PARENTE

Washington, D.C.

Sir: You state that Cardinal Spellman was "shocked and frightened" by the Supreme Court's decision barring prayers in public schools, that Mr. Eisenhower has "always thought that this nation was essentially a religious one," and that Mr. Hoover called this decision "a disintegration of one of the most sacred of American heritages."

It seems to me that we all had a right to expect that these three outstanding Americans should have been mindful that George Washington wrote, "The government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian Religion" (Article XI, Treaty of Peace and Friendship between the U.S.A. and Tripoli, June 10, 1797).

ALBERT B. NORWALK

Hollywood

Sir: All those who are taking issue with the recent Supreme Court decision relative to school prayers should hearken to the words of Jesus [Matthew 6:6]:

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

GEORGE SCHROEDER

Pittsburgh

Sir: I guess the Supreme Court decision squelches my hope for a prayer on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange each morning before the opening gong.

STEPHEN L. WALD

Boston

Sir: I wonder how many of those who have been screaming about the Supreme Court ruling have bothered to PRAY about the situation. And I wonder if they realize that it might not have been so simple for an irreligious minority group to sway The Six, if more Americans had been exercising the privilege of prayer a little more frequently.

HAL GOULD

New York City

God & the Scientist

Sir: Re the article on faith and the scientist [June 29]: there is an unwarranted assumption that science deals in faithless fact and that religion traffics in faithless faith. The quote from Dr. Van Ness sums it up perfectly: "Any time religious beliefs come into conflict with the things we learn about the world, we must modify the beliefs." Any number of the scientific concepts we accept today may be simply convenient schemata that impose order upon the experiences we have collected so far. They may have little or no relation to "reality."

The suspicion has been growing among many scholars during the past few decades that we are not so much "discovering" our scientific theories as we are "inventing" them.

A theory is thus neither true nor false; it simply works or it doesn't. Now it is true that many scientists (including myself) believe that their theories closely approximate or correspond to "reality," but this is an act of faith, for no "proof" can be adduced for or against it. Scientific beliefs can conflict with religious beliefs, but the large number of modified or even discarded scientific theories should serve as a useful warning relating to Dr. Van Ness's pronouncement. We should be very careful about junking our deep, personal religious commitments because of certain presently held schemata that we are attempting to apply to the natural world, however useful they may be at the moment.

GEORGE K. SCHWEITZER

Professor of Chemistry
The University of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir: The article was a continuation of the excellence with which TIME has repeatedly reported the realms of faith and science.

Professor Beadle's reaction of awe in the face of the evolutionary process befits a man whose contribution to science has shown that very creativeness. We may wonder, then, if such a conception as his admits of the "retired God" that was found implicit in it (by Professor Beadle himself?). For do we not see in the evolutionary process a creativeness of an exceedingly high order?

As radical dependence in being and becoming is the hallmark of the creature, so dominion not only of being but of becoming is the divine prerogative. Viewed in this light, the becoming of the evolutionary process is indeed divinely impregnated.

EDWARD SCHOTT, S.J.

Innsbruck, Austria

[Laughter]

Sir: The picture captioned "Democratic Leaders After White House Meeting" [June 29] is a remarkable study. Each one of the seven-member group is looking off in a different direction, and all are wearing wide smiles.

In view of the unemployment situation, the stock market crash, the vanishing gold supply, the faltering economy, and the sorry state of our prestige with our NATO partners, may I inquire: "What's funny?"

SIDNEY SANDERS

Corona del Mar, Calif.

An Added Line

Sir: In recent years, the U.S. presidency has been further defined by each man elected to that office. Roosevelt proved the White House could be a lifetime residence. Truman proved that anyone could become Chief Executive. Eisenhower proved we really don't need a President. Kennedy is proving it's dangerous to have one.

KENNETH S. HODGE

Chehalis, Wash.

Reaction from the Congo

Sir: I have read with great satisfaction the comments in your article of July 6th on the breakdown of the talks between Prime Minister Aduola and the Katanga Provincial President Tshombe. I was especially pleased to see that you noted the willingness of Aduola to continue offering concessions and his patience before Tshombe's apparent bad faith.

However, I was disturbed to read certain statements about myself. The motion of censure had nothing to do with the transfer of funds to foreign banks, which I assure you is no practice of mine. It did concern the agree-

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ment I signed in the name of my government covering United Nations presence and activity in my country. The motion was put by enemies of Congolese independence who see in the U.N.'s presence an obstacle to their ends. To the best of my knowledge, there was no special deployment of troops at the Parliament. At any rate, I, as Foreign Minister, have no quarrels at my disposal for deployment anywhere and leave these matters to police authorities.

Please accept my appreciation for this occasion to put the record straight.

JUSTIN BOMBOKO
Foreign Minister

Republic of the Congo

Jack the Giant

Sir:

Your cover article on Jack Nicklaus [June 21] is to be commended. When Jack won the Open, the press overshadowed his victory by playing up Palmer's losing.

I'm an Arnold Palmer fan myself, but let's face it, this boy Nicklaus is a champion, and I'm sure that Palmer would be the first to admit same.

ED WINBOURNE

Dedham, Mass.

Sir:

Good article on Nicklaus, but it makes unfair comparison with Bobby Jones's drives. The difference is in equipment. Jones's 240 yards with the old weak clubs (chickory shafts—loose, crude heads) and relatively slow balls easily compares with the best of today. I know—I'm an ex-pro who learned with temperamental hickory.

JOHN L. STOUT

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Wind up the Jack Nicklaus doll and it unwinds for 100 yds.

BRUCE WADE

Los Angeles

Rhapsody Reconsidered

Sir:

Byron Janis certainly works fast. I object to the story on his performance of *Rhapsody in Blue* [June 21] and his subsequent letter [June 29]. It was Janis who changed the previously agreed upon date of June 21. I was in Russia with Benny Goodman when Janis notified Goodman that he would not be able to make the 21st as he had to leave the country. Goodman, fearing pressure of time, replied agreeably that if the 21st was not convenient for Janis, he would consider that the concert was off. Apparently, Janis then reconsidered.

It is hard to believe that Benny Goodman is anything but a perfectionist when it comes to music. It certainly will come as a surprise to anybody who knows Goodman that he strives for anything else but the best any time he plays, no matter who is with him on the stage.

HAL DAVIS*

New York City

Cloak & Luger

Sir:

While your article "007 v. SMERSH" [June 29] will probably sell more books for Ian Fleming, it somewhat left the authenticity of SMERSH up in the air. After some research, I have discovered it definitely existed. SMERSH is short for two Russian words, *Smeri Shipionam* (Death to Spies). It was formed just before World War II by the

* An advertising executive and personal friend who has been Goodman's representative on foreign tours for several years.

then NKVD. Its mission was the tracking down and punishment of foreign spies, and to detect any signs of dissent within the ranks of the Soviet armed forces. Every battalion, regiment and company of the Red army had a SMERSH agent attached to it, as did all active units of the navy and air force.

After the war, it was reorganized into an efficient murder squad to dispose of all Soviet traitors at home and abroad. It was finally disbanded in 1958.

PETER J. LLOYD

Melbourne, Australia

In Celebration of Art

Sir:

Chairman Herbert Johnson and the Johnson Wax Co. are to be congratulated for the excellent collection of paintings they have assembled and for their plans to use it as an international ambassador of good will. But in fairness to American artists across the U.S., it should be pointed out this is much more a collection of East Coast, rather than American, paintings.

It includes, of course, a few artists from other parts of the country who happen to be connected with prominent New York galleries—a criterion for quality that I, for one, cannot subscribe to. It would seem to me that for a project with such ambitious long-term plans, and so generously financed, an effort might have been made to make the collection truly representative of current American painting.

One must conclude that this is just another example of New York's "America ends at the Hudson River" attitude, to which the Johnson Wax people have unwittingly become subscribers. I fervently hope that when, within the next 20 years, the West Coast assumes a position of cultural eminence equal to that of New York, it will not fall victim to the same kind of provincialism and local patriotism.

Los Angeles

FELIX LANDAU

► Yet the Johnson collection includes twelve West Coast painters, and Art Dealer Lee Nordness bought one of them in Los Angeles from Gallery Owner Landau.—Ed.

Sir:

As an American art critic free-lancing in Europe this summer, I must compliment you on your concise and readable account of Venice's Biennale [June 29], an art show that could not possibly be fully covered except through superhuman means.

LAWRENCE DAME

Venice

Sir:

Your coverage of the Venice Biennale inspired me with the Aldo Calò "free gesture." I gleefully smashed a hole through my copy of TIME.

(S/Sgt) JOHN R. KING

Bitburg, Germany

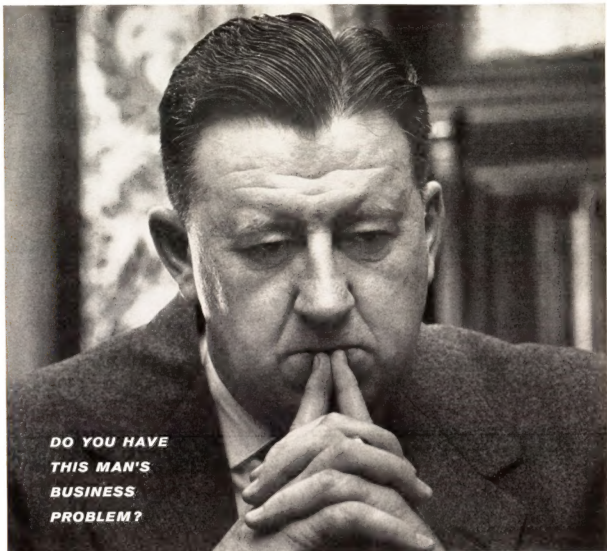
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer



MIKE DEMAREST

OFTEN in TIME's division of jour-
 nalist labor, correspondents in
 many places file the basic material
 that a writer in Manhattan shapes into
 a story. But the Manhattan-based au-
 thor of this week's cover story, As-
 sociate Editor Mike Demarest, 37, has
 a closer than usual connection with his
 subject. Demarest grew up in Eng-
 land, and four years after joining
 TIME's staff in 1954, returned to Lon-
 don as a correspondent for us for three
 years. Recently he flew over to Lon-
 don to watch Ted Heath perform in
 the crucial debate in the House of
 Commons ("most impressive"), to
 have dinner with him, and to get his
 own impressions of how prominent
 Britons—journalists, civil servants
 and businessmen—felt about their
 country's application to join the Com-
 mon Market.

"The British have always been
 deeply suspicious about poetry, the
 decimal system, the Gulf Stream and
 the continent of Europe. Especially
 the continent of Europe." So wrote
 the well-known British journalist, Cas-
 sandra. Among Demarest's British col-
 leagues on TIME's London staff, feel-
 ings run high and generally favorable for
 joining Europe. Says Correspondent
 Monica Dehn: "We have no option; I
 think that is the general feeling. As in

1939, there suddenly came a moment
 when we knew in our bones that war
 was inevitable; so there is now a feel-
 ing that the Common Market is in-
 evitable. For myself, I'll be very
 proud to be a European."

ALONG with this week's cover story
 appear twelve pages of color pho-
 tographs of the New Europe. This
 look at the skylines, scientific build-
 ings and snack bars that reflect the
 new European prosperity is a distilla-
 tion of 6,000 pictures taken for us by
 five photographers assigned to the job.

ALONG about now 85,000 or more
 TIME readers who have subscribed
 to the new TIME Reading Program are
 getting their second batch of four
 books, and we hope the reception will
 be as enthusiastic as the letters we got
 on the initial four. There were cheers
 for the editors' choice of titles, for the
 prefaces written by the editors of
 TIME, and for the look of the covers,
 the size of the type, and the durability
 of the bindings.

We try for diversity in our choices,
 seek to be timely, and insist on read-
 ability. We think that the four new
 titles can be judged by these stand-
 ards, for they are: Joyce Cary's *Mis-
 ter Johnson* (the best contemporary
 novel on Africa); S.L.A. Marshall's
The River and the Gauntlet (Korean
 war); Lincoln Barnett's *The Universe*
 and Dr. Einstein; and Sybille Bed-
 ford's *The Trial of Doctor Adams*.

MISTER JOHNSON



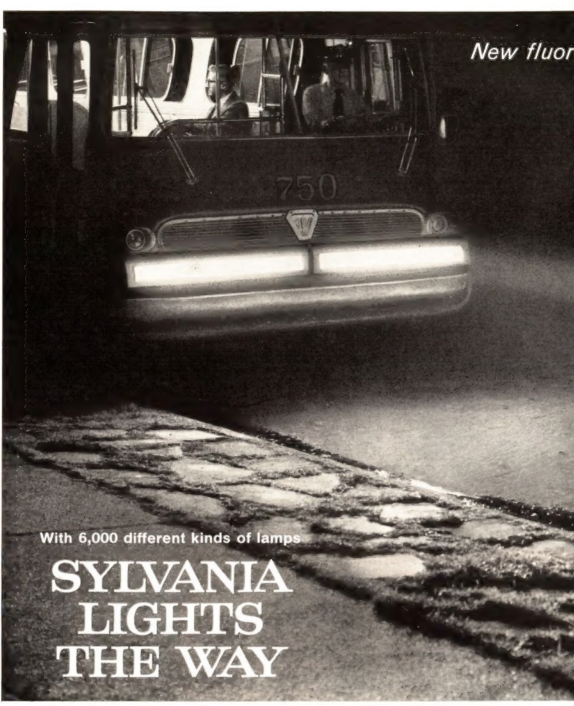
THE TRIAL OF DOCTOR ADAMS



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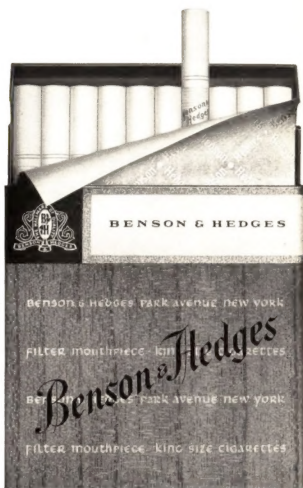
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THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

Growing Pressure

More than that of most nations, the history of the U.S. is studded with controversies over taxation, from the Boston Tea Party of 1773 to the rocky advent of the graduated income tax in 1913. Last week taxes were once more a large and briefly national issue—but the controversy this time was only among those who wanted the same thing in differing ways. Across the U.S., pressure and sentiment were growing on every front for a tax cut to spur the sluggish U.S. economy.

The U.S. Chamber of Commerce and left-leaning Americans for Democratic Action seldom agree on anything—but they were together for a tax cut. On Capitol Hill, Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, fighting for an immediate slash, was joined by two Republican colleagues, Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper and New Jersey's Clifford Case. At the conference of state Governors in Hershey, Pa., New York's Nelson Rockefeller, California's Pat Brown and Ohio's Michael Di Salle—all running for re-election this fall—added their voices to the chorus. Within the Administration itself, the President's own Council of Economic Advisers kept pressing for immediate and substantial reductions. The fever spread to the press, inspiring countless editorials and cartoons. The



TAXMEN DILLON & BYRD
When?

New York *Mirror* topped a cut-taxes editorial with the headline: NOW, NOW, NOW!

The Big Question. The proponents of quick tax cuts to get the economy moving were powerfully backed up by expert economic opinion. Fortnight ago, three dozen highly regarded economists from outside Government assembled in Washington to discuss tax reductions with Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and his top officials. The economists agreed to a man that the state of the economy demanded them—not next year, but as soon as possible. Says University of California Economist Neil H. Jacoby: "There is general agreement among economists that federal tax rates must come down. The big question is whether there will ever be a better time to do it than now. I hope President Kennedy acts soon."

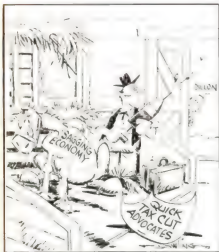
For Kennedy, the key word seemed to be "if"—he has repeatedly said that he would cut taxes if he thought that the economy really needed such action. Last week at his press conference, he repeated that the Administration was planning "a tax cut and tax reform next year and we of course, would prefer to maintain that schedule." But he promised again to keep a close watch on "the basic indicators of the economy," and sounded what seemed to many to be a hint of the future by stressing that demands for a tax cut from both business and labor "should be very seriously considered."

Vague Ideal. Behind Kennedy's reluctance to cut taxes this year stand the urgings of Treasury Secretary Dillon, the

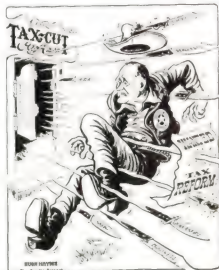
only Republican in the Cabinet. Dillon feels that a quick cut this year would wreck the Administration's plans for broad reform next year. Treasury experts have been working on the outlines of a reform bill for more than a year. Under present plans, cuts in rates under the reform bill would be steep enough so that the measure would bring overall tax reductions—but some taxpayers now benefiting heavily from special provisions might find themselves owing more income tax rather than less as a result of the bill's loophole-closing provisions.

Nobody opposes tax reform as a vague abstract ideal, but when it comes to actually abolishing or reducing particular deductions, a real-life tax reform bill would stir up fierce opposition—not just from oilmen who benefit from depletion allowances, but from homeowners who deduct mortgage interest, elderly people who are allowed double exemptions, stockholders whose first \$10 of dividend income is tax exempt, executives who take part of their compensation in stock-purchase options. To soothe the inevitable outcries, Dillon wants to coat the reform pill with rate-reduction sugar when the bill is ready next year.

Sabotaged Goal. The Administration thus finds itself in a quandary: if it fails to cut taxes soon, it may face charges of inaction in combating economic sluggish-



LOOK OUT, HE'LL BE COMING
RIGHT THROUGH THAT DOOR!



MARSHAL DILLON OF DODGE

ness: if it does cut taxes soon, it may sabotage its admirable goal of reforming away some of the complexities and inequities of the present tax law, which a top-level New York investment banker calls "a bunch of warts piled upon warts, boils piled upon boils." One reason the Treasury does not have its tax reform bill in shape now is that it has lost so much time trying to push through Congress a scrappy tax-revision bill that would 1) give business firms a special tax credit on capital outlays for equipment, and 2) balance this revenue loss with various controversial devices, including withholding on interest and dividends. The bill passed the House, but now lies stalled in Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee. Byrd, who opposes a tax cut because he thinks a further Government deficit would be irresponsible, is determined to block the withholding provision, and he probably can.

The betting in Washington is that, in election year 1962, pressures for an early tax cut will prevail. But even among those who favor it, there is considerable controversy about just what kind it should be. Administration thinking now leans toward restricting any reduction to individual income taxes on the theory that it would stimulate increased spending and have a quickening effect on business. Besides, the Administration seems to feel that business will get its share of tax reduction from the tax credit pending in Senator Byrd's Finance Committee and from the long-promised revised depreciation schedule, now at the printer's, that would permit business firms to write off the costs of equipment over a shorter

span of years and thereby reduce their corporation tax payments by a total of about \$1.2 billion a year.

\$1 a Week. Many economists, both at universities and in business, urge cuts in corporation as well as individual tax rates. They consider both to be abnormally high (see chart), believe they have thus helped to retard the economy's growth potential. Says William Butler, economist for New York's Chase Manhattan Bank: "I think a cut in the corporation tax would have a greater stimulating effect than cuts in individual taxes." Many feel that a cut in corporate taxes alone is politically unfeasible. But is it? The main trouble with the economy does not lie with consumer spending, which remains high, but with lagging investment, profits and expansion. Even the labor unions realize that jobs for their members depend on expanding industry. A tax cut that would spur that expansion by easing the profit squeeze and increasing investment thus should logically be acceptable to all, since it would help labor as well as industry.

Economists also disagree with the Administration on the magnitude of a tax cut needed to stimulate the economy, feel that it would have to be substantial to do any good. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce suggested a \$7.5 billion tax-cut package, and various economists have called for totals ranging from \$1 billion to \$10 billion. The Administration is thinking along the lines of paring two points in each individual tax bracket, which would reduce each taxpayer's load by 2% of his taxable income, for a total of about \$4 billion. For a factory worker making \$100 a week and paying \$520 a year in federal taxes (about average), the saving would come to \$1 a week.

Would a tax cut really do any good? Most economists feel, for one thing, that it would have a favorable psychological impact, would restore public confidence. Corporate tax cuts take a while to show up in increased activity, to be sure, but they usually result in solid advances. And the past history of sudden consumer windfalls, such as Eisenhower's tax cut in 1954 or occasional veterans' bonuses, shows that the money goes quickly into the economy. 80% of the additional money is spent, only 20% saved. Furthermore, a tax cut would be likely to give the stock market a boost.

During July and August the Administration will be peering at the economic indicators in hopes that a lift in the economy will make a quick tax cut unnecessary. But the first statistics announced after the President's press conference looked unpromising: unemployment, after holding steady for a few months, rose slightly in June, from 5.4% to 5.5%; of the labor force after adjustments for seasonal factors. If the statistics that unfold during the next several weeks are no more encouraging than that, the Administration may feel compelled to call for quick tax cuts, even if it means leaving the tax structure unreformed—warts, boils and all.



THE PRESIDENT & MRS. LONGWORTH
Good mood.

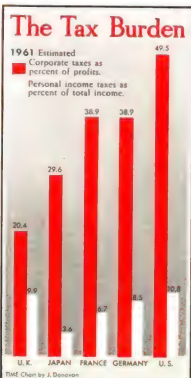
THE PRESIDENCY

To the Cope

The President of the U.S. felt good. Buoyed by his overwhelming reception in Mexico, pleased that things had really gone right with his Trade bill—as indeed they should have—he planned for himself a purposely low-keyed, easy-paced week. Grinning broadly, he set the week's quiet tone by receiving a distinguished visitor, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, who came to the White House to witness the unveiling of a new white marble mantel for its State Dining Room, to take the place of the mantel installed by Teddy Roosevelt in 1902 and removed when the White House was restored in 1952.

Later the President climbed into his jet helicopter and flew off to Philadelphia to become the first President since Wilson to make a Fourth of July speech at Independence Hall. As he looked from his aircraft over the farmlands of Pennsylvania, bright and beautiful in the sunshine, Kennedy mused aloud that he did not expect many people to come to hear him speak on such a fine day. "They'd rather be at the beach," he said. But when his helicopter settled down, there were 100,000 waiting to listen and cheer, Kennedy, obviously pleased, responded with fervor. As he promised a partnership between the U.S. and a new Europe (see THE WORLD), he spoke in a loud and firm voice, thumped the rostrum with his fist to drive home his points.

No Fuss. After a holiday rest at Camp David in Maryland, Kennedy came back to Washington to face his weekly press conference. He clearly felt like having one (he has been skipping them from time to time lately), but he just as clearly wanted to raise no fuss that would open him to further charges of aggressiveness. He could not resist sticking an elbow into the American Medical Association for its opposition to medicare, but he ducked a question about Teddy in Massachusetts, shucked off an invitation to become involved in a public dispute with Dwight Eisenhower. Asked what he thought of Ike's remark that the Republicans were a





THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE ON SQUAW ISLAND
Quiet place.

businessman's party, he replied: "Well, I don't like disagreeing with President Eisenhower, so I won't in this case."

He didn't want to seem to be disagreeing with any businessmen, either. And he thought he saw signs that the tension between him and the business community was beginning to ease. Serious letters from responsible executives were beginning to trickle into the White House in response to his call for a "dialogue" between business and the Administration. The tone and context of the businessmen's letters were not made public, but the White House said that Kennedy was taking pains to answer each letter personally.

Family News. The successful week left the President in an eager mood to get up to Cape Cod, which he had not visited since Thanksgiving. He packed up Jackie, Caroline and John Jr. and flew off for Squaw Island off Hyannisport, where the summer White House will be set up in a seven-bedroom house owned by Tenor Morton Downey.

At week's end, to top it all off, the President got some welcome family news.



JOE KENNEDY LEAVING HOSPITAL
Welcome news.

His father was being released from New York University's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, where he had recovered enough from his December paralytic stroke to talk some and walk with a cane. The President slipped behind the wheel of his Lincoln convertible and drove over to meet his father's plane at the Hyannis airport. He was so eager to greet his father that he drove out on the ramp too soon, was stopped by a worker, who bellowed, "Where do you think you're going?" The President of the U.S. meekly explained where he was going, and was waved on by the embarrassed man. Then the President drove Joseph P. Kennedy home to the old family manse in Hyannisport, where a heated outdoor swimming pool, with handrails and an underwater cot, was being completed for his use.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Our Man in Moscow

In Washington last week, Soviet Press Attaché Oleg Sokolov turned to his American luncheon companion and asked sourly: "Who's Kohler?" Sokolov knew perfectly well, since Foy David Kohler, 54, just named by President Kennedy to replace Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr. as Ambassador to the Soviet Union, has been at the center of East-West negotiations over Berlin—probably the knottiest, longest-standing tangle in the cold war. But if the Russian was simply expressing predictable skepticism, quite a few Americans were asking the same question about the man who is about to take over the U.S.'s most important diplomatic post abroad.

Off to Turkey. In his 31 years as a Foreign Service officer, Ohio-born Kohler has rarely made headlines. He even looks far more like the bank teller he once was than like the suave, striped-pants stereotype of a professional diplomat: smallish and rumpled, he speaks in a flat Midwestern accent and wears indifferently tailored brown or blue suits. But he is regarded in Washington as a highly competent operator, and his considerable experience with the Russians goes back a long way. He

speaks Russian, which has become a prerequisite for the top Moscow job. He was assigned to Moscow in 1947 as first secretary at the U.S. embassy, a year later moved up to counselor of the embassy. From 1949 until early 1952, he ran the Voice of America.

Late that year, however, it seemed as if Kohler's promising career was at an end. While driving home from an Arlington, Va., dinner party with him, his wife rammed a telephone pole. Kohler was convicted of public intoxication, his wife of drunken driving. Worse yet, it turned out that Kohler's briefcase, containing two secret documents that he had removed from State Department files without permission, was locked in the auto's trunk at the time of the accident. Kohler was reprimanded by the State Department, suspended without pay for 30 days, dropped from his job on the prestigious Policy Planning Staff and shipped off to Turkey.

On to Russia. Few Foggy Bottom employees could have ridden out that kind of storm. But Kohler went on to distinguish himself by ability and hard work in Ankara, returned to Washington in 1958 as Deputy Assistant Secretary for European Affairs. In 1959 he was the top State Department official accompanying Vice President Nixon to the U.S.S.R., and had charge of arrangements for Premier Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. The next year he was made an Assistant Secretary of State. Last summer, at the height of the crisis over Allied air access to West Berlin, it was Kohler who drafted an unusually strong protest accusing the Soviet Union of a "scarcely veiled threat of aggression."

At his press conference, President Kennedy gave his new ambassador a ringing send-off: "I've worked very intimately with him for the last year and a half because he's been a head of the so-called task force on Berlin, and has participated in all the ambassadorial meetings. So that he goes to the Soviet Union with complete knowledge of the Government's policy and also with my complete confidence."

Return to Duty

In 1911 a 22-year-old graduate of Annapolis began a tour of duty as a gunboat ensign in China during the Sun Yat-sen Revolution. Last week, 73, and seamed and toughened by the years, Retired Admiral Alan G. Kirk returned to duty in Asia as U.S. Ambassador to Nationalist China. A World War II hero who led invasion fleets against Sicily and Normandy, Kirk also proved himself an able diplomat as Ambassador to Moscow from 1949 to 1952. His selection for the post in Taipei ended a long search for a man who was respected by Administration officials, by outspoken supporters of Chiang Kai-shek, and by Chiang himself.

Said Kirk as he presented his credentials to Chiang: "My purpose and actions will mirror the will of the American people, of Congress and of my President . . . that neither friends nor enemy shall have any doubt of my Government's determination to honor its treaty commitment to the Republic of China."

POLITICS

The New Breed

There have been admirals in the Kentucky navy with more power and prestige than many Republican state chairmen in the South since the Civil War. As leaders of a small and suspect minority, many G.O.P. chairmen shrugged off any chance of winning state elections, dozed on dusty courthouse steps, and dreamed of the election of the next Republican President and the patronage that would flow down from Washington.

But things are changing in the old Confederate states. Dwight Eisenhower's popularity overcame the desuetude of

officials from the national headquarters to lecture. Says he: "We're getting away from the post-office and patronage crowd. There were a lot of Republicans in the South who didn't want the party to grow because it might outgrow them." Under Chapman, South Carolina Republicans are running their first major candidate for the Senate since Reconstruction: William D. Workman Jr., 47, a widely known, highly respected syndicated columnist and pro-segregationist author (*Case for the South*), who is seeking Democrat Olin Johnston's seat.

North Carolina's William E. Cobb, 39, a slender, crew-cut lumber broker in Morganton, has been zealously building up his



COBB

GRENIER

YERGER

CHAPMAN

Furrow-browed, button-down, college-trained—and hard at work.

G.O.P. state organizations; he carried four Southern states in 1952 and five in 1956. Richard Nixon won three in 1960 and polled 4,700,000 votes in the South—only 400,000 less than John Kennedy. As the surprising G.O.P. sentiment bubbled up, virtually without local leadership, the party began attracting a new breed of politician—furrow-browed, button-down, college-trained young amateurs who, one by one, took over control of the state parties from apathetic and aging professionals. The new wave is now in command of Alabama, Mississippi, and South and North Carolina. The four rebel state chairmen:

Mississippi's Wirt Yerger Jr., 32, who works in his father's Jackson insurance agency, is chairman in a state where homeborn Republicans were lately regarded as freaks. Yerger's chief rival for Mississippi Republican supremacy was the late Perry Howard, a Negro, who was national committeeman for 36 years, lived most of that time in Washington, and racked up a record of almost absolute ineffectiveness. Yerger has organized local leaders in nearly half of the state's 82 counties, has small sympathy for those party members who are along just for the ride. Says he: "I don't care who it is, bank president or anybody, if he's just going to give us conversation, we don't want him. We want people who are going to get out and fight." Several hundred of Mississippi's fighting Republicans have agreed to let the party draw drafts on their personal checking accounts for \$5 to \$100 a month.

South Carolina's Robert F. Chapman, 36, a towheaded Spartanburg lawyer, is setting up campaign schools and importing

party since taking over the G.O.P. leadership in 1958. In 1960 Republican Robert L. Gavin managed to poll 46% of the vote for Governor. Cheered on by Cobb, nearly 1,000 delegates showed up at the annual state convention in March—nearly twice the expected number. Declared Cobb: "We are the nucleus of a political bombshell that can go off at any time."

Alabama's John Grenier, 31, is a vigorous Birmingham lawyer who won the chairmanship from the Old Guard last month. In 1960 Grenier spearheaded the Nixon effort in Birmingham, takes pleasure in the fact that the Republican Presidential candidate got 60% of the vote. Since taking over the state chairmanship, Grenier has opened a full-time headquarters, complete with staff, Addressograph machines, multilith offset printing presses, and a \$150,000 budget. Says Grenier: "The young people were sick and tired of the one-party system in the South. It was just ridiculous, and the old people wouldn't change it. We can win. We've got a product and a sales force, just like a business. The product is conservatism in the South."

The efforts of the new breed have already paid off in small ways. In the last two years, Republicans have elected a mayor in Mobile, put the first two party members in the South Carolina legislature since Reconstruction, and sent Texas' John Tower to the U.S. Senate. Southern Republicans talk of doubling their number of Congressmen from seven to 14 this November, a hope that may prove forlorn. Clearly, the new breed has a long way to go. But at least and at last it has made a beginning.

THE ATOM

Instant Crater

Some 650 ft. below the hard clay surface of Nevada's Frenchman Flat, technicians carefully installed the device in a 6-ft.-high and 75-ft.-long chamber lined with plywood and floored with fine gravel. For a while a contrary wind sweeping across the area threatened to postpone the shot. Then the wind faded and the device was detonated. Standing on a mountain-top 57 miles away, observers could not hear the explosion. But they saw its effect perfectly: a great mass composed of thousands of tons of granite boulders, sand, clay, yucca trees, sagebrush, tumbleweed, and even stray kangaroo rats, rabbits and rattlesnakes was hurled 7,000 ft. into the sky. It seemed to hesitate, then crashed to the earth in a cloud of dust.

The explosion was the first thermonuclear (H-bomb) device known to have been exploded in North America (all other U.S. H-shots have been in the western Pacific). Generating a force of 100,000 tons of TNT, it was also the most powerful blast ever to be touched off in the U.S. (the atomic bomb that decimated Hiroshima had a force of 20,000 tons of TNT). The Atomic Energy Commission announced that 95% of the blast's radioactivity was either trapped in the ground or returned to earth by the falling debris. Purpose of the explosion: to test the feasibility of using thermonuclear devices to speed up massive civil-engineering projects, such as the digging of harbors, tunnels and canals. In the desert floor, the blast gouged out a crater 300 ft. deep and one-third of a mile wide. And at week's end, the U.S. fired off a low-yield nuclear device a few feet above the desert floor for the first atmospheric test in the U.S. since 1958.

DEFENSE

Streamlining the Guard

Since taking command of the Pentagon last spring, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara has vigorously goaded the sacred cows of the armed forces, to belittles of dismay from affronted admirals, generals and Congressmen. Last week it was the state Governors' turn to yowl as McNamara took steps to put a halt to the most sacred cow of all: the Army National Guard. At their conference in Hershey, Pa., the Governors met with McNamara to protest his plan to reform and cut back the Guard, a traditional source of political power, prestige and pay in their home states (see box).

The Governors had been fretting about McNamara since last spring, when word got out that he considered the Guard oversized, undertrained and largely outmoded in the age of nuclear deterrence and guerrilla warfare. McNamara had his reasons. When two National Guard divisions were federalized during the Berlin buildup—the 49th Armored of Texas and the 32nd Infantry of Wisconsin—McNamara was shocked to find that these sup-

posedly crack units needed nearly five months to reach combat status. He discovered that the Guard had 95 antiaircraft companies armed with old-line 90-mm. guns that were useless against supersonic jet aircraft. And he found that the Guard was loaded down with such excess baggage as laundry companies, both units, public relations men and special service companies to entertain the troops.

Confused Case. To get the Guard ready to fight in the nuclear age, McNamara proposed maintaining its \$400 million annual budget, but cutting allotted manpower from 400,000 to 367,000, weeding out obsolete units, and adding up-to-date components. Most important of all, McNamara planned to build up six divisions to 10,800 men and four brigades to 3,300 men—80% to 85% of their authorized strength, and the highest level ever attained by major Guard forces in peacetime. Well equipped and well trained, the units would be ready to fight within two months of federalization.

McNamara's plan for the Guard was far from a revolutionary reform, but its political pitfalls proved to be many and deep. First off, he made the mistake, rare for him, of confusing his whole case with a bungled Pentagon presentation on the Hill that enraged Congressmen. Both the House and Senate now seem likely to insist that the Guard's strength be kept at 400,000 men—a figure that the Guard now falls below. But this manpower requirement would not prevent McNamara from realigning units as he saw fit, and he would be able to build toward it leisurely and with more effective units.

Second Thoughts. What stands in his way is the obdurate opposition of the Governors, who control the Guard in their states during peacetime. To woo them, McNamara was well prepared when he arrived in Hershey. After warmly shaking hands with every Governor in sight, McNamara read a speech pointing out that the reshuffling of the Guard would cause a decrease of only 295 units from the present total of 4336. Only 16 of the 2,428 armories, he promised, would be left without a unit. And, on the sorest point of all, he noted that the proposed manpower cut of 33,000 would not be too difficult to achieve since the Guard loses 100,000 men each year by normal attrition. He was too diplomatic to add that in many states the Guard now has to recruit desperately to keep its rosters filled.

Later, McNamara even offered to visit each Governor in his own capital to work out details of reform. When he left, he was as determined as ever to streamline the Guard. The conference unanimously passed its resolution against any cut in the Guard, but some Governors were willing to admit that the Defense Secretary's proposal was not as horrifying as it had first seemed. Said Georgia's S. Ernest Vandiver, McNamara's main opponent and a man who rose in politics as adjutant general of his state's Guard: "There's going to be some give and take on both sides. We can work this thing out all right. McNamara's not so bad."

THE HOME-TOWN TROOPS

THE Army National Guard, which Defense Secretary McNamara is determined to reform, can rightfully claim that it is older than the nation. It grew out of the "citizen-soldiers" of the colonial militia and gradually evolved into state-organized units that have fought in every war from the Revolution to Korea. In World War II, 18 National Guard divisions went into combat. It took up to two years of training to get them ready—a traditional weakness of the Guard—but they went on to compile a record of gallantry on every front.

Political Pals. In war, the Guard is controlled by the Pentagon; in peacetime, although the Federal Government pays for 97% of its budget, it is primarily a state-organized fighting force under control of the Governor, who is the commander in chief of the units in his state. He appoints his own adjutant general, often a political pal with a sketchy military background. In turn, the adjutant general can hire hundreds of "technicians," fulltime state employees of the Guard whose salaries are paid by the Federal Government. In addition, a skillful Governor can often add a new armory or two every few years for deserving towns; federal funds meet 75% of the cost, and a local contractor usually gets the job. Georgia has built 65 armories during the past decade under a plan mapped out by Governor Vandiver when he was adjutant general.

The present National Guard is divided into 4,336 units dispersed throughout more than 2,600 U.S. communities. Technically, it has 27 divisions, but 21 are so poorly equipped and manned (60% to 65% of authorized strength) that they have little

military value. For the most part, the Guard is composed of a hard core of devoted World War II or Korean veterans, plus recruits ranging in age from 17 to 26 who escape the two-year draft by taking a six-month tour with the Army, then return home to spend from three to 5½ years with their local units. Guardsmen "train" for two hours a week, go off to summer camp for 15 days every year, earn a minimum of \$180 a year.

In many states, the Guard is primarily a small-town operation that serves as both social center and employer. Georgia estimates that a 100-man unit brings in \$52,370 in federal pay and allowances every year. Says Major General George J. Hearn, Georgia's adjutant general: "The Guard is a kind of livelihood for boys in the country and in small towns." More than that, the Guard armory is often a town's most impressive edifice, and a social mecca of food sales, high school graduations, civic meetings and basketball games.

Powerful Force. For such reasons—plus the fact that it is always ready and available to fight riots, blizzards or floods—the National Guard is a popular and powerful force. Frequent efforts to cut or reform the Guard have been met with outcries of rage from states, communities and guardsmen alike. Says an official of the National Guard Bureau in the Pentagon, "In many communities, the Guard is just like the fire department. Look around and you'll see even the mayor and councilmen in many of these towns are big guns in the Guard. If they aren't, they probably once were. And if you step on the Guard, you're stepping on the home-town folks."



NATIONAL GUARDSMEN TRAINING AT NEW JERSEY'S FORT DIX

INVESTIGATIONS

Company for Billie Sol

If anyone had any doubt left that the sprawling, messy Department of Agriculture needs a thorough overhauling, it was dispelled last week. Billie Sol Estes may be the farm program's biggest bad boy to date, but it became obvious that he has plenty of company. So far, the FBI has used 452 special agents from 46 cities in its Estes investigation, at a cost of \$236,200; congressional investigations are expected to cost another half-million. But scandal was piling on scandal with such regularity that the price to the taxpayer of investigating them all might yet become a scandal of sorts itself.

Almost Grateful. Appearing before Senator John McClellan's Investigations Subcommittee, beleaguered Agriculture

in Billie Sol's fraudulent cotton-allotment dealings. They were ousted in connection with \$28,000 worth of illegal rice-allotment sales in Texas' Brazoria and Matagorda counties over the past three years. Both cotton and rice allotments are valuable, since without them farmers are subject to unprofitably stiff penalties for planting and marketing—but their sale is distinctly illegal. Smarting at the new scandal, Freeman turned the case over to the FBI. The big question: Will the rice scandal spread across the Texas coastal rice belt?

"Put Up or Shut Up!" While the FBI went to work, Freeman came under fire for an investigation conducted by his own department. South Dakota's crusty Republican Senator Karl Mundt, a member of the McClellan committee, complained that an Agriculture Department check of

Freeman immediately suspended them, bringing to twelve the number of Agriculture employees he has let go or reprimanded because of links with Estes. All along, Freeman has insisted that doing business with Estes has not cost the Government a dollar. That somewhat misses the point. The real tragedy of the Billie Sol Estes affair is that he was able to corrupt so many Agriculture Department employees. The two suspended Oklahomans were small potatoes, but the potato digging is not nearly over yet. And of Billie Sol himself is yet to be heard from.

THE CONGRESS

Familiar Figure

When it gets around to voting this week on a "new" medicare bill, the Senate will not have to gaze very hard to spy the familiar figure of a controversial companion. Under attack by medical lobbies and opposed by most Republican and many Democratic Senators, the Kennedy Administration's King-Anderson bill to provide hospital care for the aged under social security has disappeared from view. In its place last week appeared a bipartisan compromise disguised in the legislative equivalent of a newly denuded jacket and a different style of hairsplitting. But though the disguise failed to alarm King-Anderson's friends, it also failed to fool its opponents—even if the clothes were a bit more conservative.

The substitute bill provides for exactly the same benefits as King-Anderson: up to 90 days of hospital care for one illness, up to 180 days of nursing home services, and up to 240 home visits by medical personnel other than M.D.s. As in King-Anderson, the patient would still have to meet his own doctor bills. The new measure would be financed in exactly the same way as King-Anderson, too: through an increase of one-quarter of 1% in the social security tax, plus a like levy on the employer.

But the new bill has two additional provisions to distinguish it from King-Anderson. It provides for identical benefits for persons 65 and over who would not be eligible for social security coverage; these benefits would be financed out of the annual general revenues of the Federal Government. The new bill also, to soften conservative opposition, provides an option recommended by New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller: a social security beneficiary would have a choice between accepting the Government benefits or having the Government contribute toward the premium on a private health insurance plan providing equal benefits—but only if the beneficiary had been enrolled in such a private plan for a specified period before becoming eligible for social security.

At his press conference, President Kennedy put in a special plug for the touched-up measure, called it "a strong bill, an effective bill." But most Senators who had originally been opposed to King-Anderson still disliked the substitute. Even so,



SENATOR MUNDT

Secretary Orville Freeman seemed almost grateful for the week's first scandal. Though there to testify about Estes, he insisted on talking about a new discovery by the Government's General Accounting Office. In 1959 and 1960, the office had found brokers licensed by the Agriculture Department to purchase surplus cotton for the Government and sell it on the open market had profited illegally by selling \$400 million worth to themselves—at prices as much as \$50 a bale below market. Cost to the Government: between \$12 million and \$15 million, by Agriculture's own estimates. Anxious to ease the Estes burden he has carried for weeks, Freeman pointed out that the scandal had taken place under the Eisenhower Administration, that his regime had stopped it, and that he was taking steps to recoup Government losses incurred by the illegal transactions.

As Freeman was trying to lay this burden on Republican doorsteps, another turned up in his lap: two more suspensions of minor Agriculture officials came to light. The men were office managers for the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service—the agency embroiled



SECRETARY FREEMAN
Who's investigating whom?

his correspondence with the department had inspired Democrats in his home state to ask Freeman for evidence of any connection between Mundt and Billie Sol. Growled Mundt to Minnesota Freeman: "In the plain Midwestern language that we both understand, I ask you to put up or shut up! If you have any evidence, bring it out on the record and don't give it to a favored newsmen." Freeman shrugged off the complaint: "There was no reason we shouldn't have conducted such a survey. You had prejudged this case and brought politics into it." Then Mundt and Nebraska's Senator Karl Curtis, also on the committee, demanded—and got—promises from Freeman that the Agriculture Department will not discriminate against farmers in their states because of the Senators' roles in the Estes investigation.

All of this was hard enough on Freeman, but there was more to come. Just before the hearings ended for the week, two Agriculture Department employees from Oklahoma's McIntosh County admitted to pocketing \$1,640.80 from an Estes agent for helping to arrange cotton-allotment transfers from Oklahoma to Texas. They submitted resignations—but

it may scratch through the Senate. After that, its prospects in the House, congressional leaders calculated, were about the same as King-Anderson's had been: pretty bad.

TRAVEL

Comrades, On to Vegas

One of the silliest products of the cold war has been the extensive travel restrictions imposed on U.S. and Russian tourists visiting each other's countries. The Soviet Union put vast portions of its territory off limits to aliens before World War II; tourists who did visit the U.S.S.R. were assigned Intourist guides to keep them from straying. In 1955 the State Department finally retaliated by banning Soviet visitors from some 27% of the U.S. on a tit-for-tat basis (e.g., Pittsburgh was closed because the Russians forbade U.S. tourists to visit the Soviet steel center of Magnitogorsk).

Last week, in the hope that Russia might unbend to admit Americans to forbidden Soviet cities, among them Vladivostok and Sevastopol, the U.S. decided to allow any Russian tourist who could scrape up the kopecks to enter such once barred territory as the state of Massachusetts, most of Tennessee, and the cities of St. Louis, San Diego and Las Vegas. But the 400-odd Soviet diplomats and journalists in the U.S. will still be confined to the environs of New York City and Washington, D.C., just as their U.S. counterparts are still ordinarily confined to a few Russian cities.

ESPIONAGE

Comrade, On to London

Anxious to unload their embarrassing guest, Israeli authorities last week packed Convicted Soviet Spy Robert Soblen onto an El Al plane for a U.S.-bound trip via Athens and London. But as the plane approached London, Soblen stabbed himself in the wrist and stomach with a steak knife, forcing British authorities to take him on as a hospital patient. The delay that Soblen won by his dramatic suicide attempt immediately created a legal tangle. Though the Home Office insisted that Soblen was not legally in Britain, two harristors—one a Labor M.P.—obtained a writ of habeas corpus delaying his departure at least until after a court hearing next week. Soblen himself applied for political asylum in Britain, and at week's end had recovered sufficiently to be moved to London's Brixton Prison.

CRIME

Moriarty's Millions

The myth about the slum brat who makes it big in the underworld is caricued with familiar movie romance. Clearly, Joseph Vincent Moriarty, who grew up in a rundown section of Jersey City, N.J., never had romance in his soul—or never saw the right movies. Known as "Newsboy" because in his youth he sold tabloids in the bars and restaurants of his neigh-



THE CAR



THE MONEY

He loved it, left it and lost it.

borhood, Moriarty got into the policy numbers racket* when he was only 13, went on and upward to become Jersey City's No. 1 numbers boss. He was arrested no fewer than 25 times on gambling charges, but he never learned to play the part that this record entitled him to.

Bloody Denial. Newsboy, now 32, was a loner who never took on a partner, never played with the big-time syndicate hoods, their molls or their tailors. He never married, lived with his two sisters in a decrepit three-story house in his old neighborhood. He neither drank nor smoked, and attended church regularly. He avoided nightclubs and expensive living, usually shuffled around Jersey City's streets unshaven and dressed in shabby clothes. Says a cop who knew him: "If you saw him on the street, you'd give him a quarter out of charity." Despite this, police estimated that Newsboy operated a \$10 million-a-year policy racket.

Newsboy was so penurious that he would dun a debtor for a few pennies, but his attachment to cash frequently led to his losing it. The cops sometimes found money in the secondhand cars that Newsboy kept stashed around the city—and invariably Newsboy had to disclaim own-



"NEWSBOY" MORIARTY

ership of the money to avoid explaining where it came from. Once he turned up at a hospital bleeding from stab wounds, and the police discovered \$3,000 in his car. Said Newsboy: "I never saw it before." Again, he was picked up on the street near an auto that yielded \$11,000. Newsboy said it wasn't his. Federal tax agents found \$39,000 in his home—and still he declined to claim ownership.

In the Trunk. Newsboy's current address is the State Prison at Trenton, where he is serving a two-to-three-year sentence on a gambling conviction (his third). Last week, despite the prison bars, Newsboy's money losing continued. This time a fortune was at stake. Walking into Newsboy's cell, the county prosecutor announced: "You've just lost \$2½ million." Back in Jersey City, two carpenters working on an ancient garage had pried open the trunk of an abandoned 1947 Plymouth sedan. Inside they found a cache of several guns and a small mountain of large-denomination bills. The trail led straight to Newsboy: with the money were bonds made out to him and his deceased brother, as well as a dossier on one of Newsboy's arrests, which had been lifted from the county prosecutor's office some time ago. Naturally, Newsboy declined to admit that the money was his. So did a redheaded girlfriend who once owned the car in which the money was found.

While trying to weave their way through this puzzle, the police, still intrigued with Moriarty's peculiar banking habits, began searching for more loot. Sure enough, in a garage not far from the original site, they found two paper sacks containing \$168,675, also presumed to belong to Newsboy. This brought the total haul to \$2,590,235. The discovery in turn sent swarms of children, old ladies and other assorted adventurers on a wild treasure hunt in Jersey City garages. Those citizens have to wait their turn, however. The state was interested in taking a cut of the loot; so were Jersey City, the garage owner and the two carpenters. And first on the list was the Federal Government, which has been holding a tax lien against Newsboy. By week's end, the total lien was \$3,395,665. There was a happy possibility that if the Feds searched enough ramshackle garages, they might come up with the \$805,410 difference, leaving Newsboy Moriarty clean as a whistle.

* In the policy racket (or numbers game) a player picks any three-digit number and bets pennies, nickels or more on it, or any combination of it, at a neighborhood confectionery store or newsstand. The winning number, determined daily, could be the last three of the dollar figures of U.S. Treasury receipts (as reported in the next day's newspapers), or the last three dollar numbers of the pari-mutuel receipts at a race track, or any other easily verified number. In any case, a player's chance of winning on one number is only one in 999; his winnings may pay off at 800-1.

THE WORLD

EUROPE

A Second Renaissance

On both sides of the Atlantic last week, men paid homage to a renaissance.

"The nations of Western Europe," said President Kennedy on the Fourth of July in Philadelphia, "long divided by feuds far more bitter than any which existed among the 13 colonies, are today joining together, seeking as our forefathers sought, to find freedom in diversity and unity from strength." Echoing Europe's own Jean Monnet, Kennedy called for a "concrete Atlantic partnership" that would help "achieve a world of law and free choice." He looked forward to a "declaration of interdependence . . . between the new union now emerging in Europe and the old American union founded here 175 years ago."

As Kennedy spoke, the two aged leaders of the "new union" held a meeting in Paris that symbolized Europe's revival. Konrad Adenauer and Charles de Gaulle decided to press for resumption of talks on Western European unity before the matter of British admission to the Common Market can be settled, but they expressed the hope that Britain would be admitted. Still troubled by all too recent memories of the Boche, Parisians showed only muted enthusiasm for the visitor, but at a state dinner at the Elysée Palace, De Gaulle offered an emotional toast and a special history lesson: "However badly founded were the immediate motives of our wars, however inopportune their execution, however ruinous their results, it was a great cause which was fundamentally at the source of our quarrels. In seeking to impose their domination, Germany and France were in truth pursuing the old dream of unity which for some 20 centuries haunted the souls of our continent."

New Facades. The force that Kennedy saluted and wooed, that De Gaulle contemplated with "joy," and Khrushchev regards with fury is, in fact, a New Europe—proof of the Continent's ability always to find in the ashes of its destruction the foundation for new triumph. After the moral and material devastation of World War II, perhaps the worst since the Black Death, Europe once again rose up with a new facade, new customs, a thriving culture, and a booming new prosperity that has made it the industrial rival of the two great powers. On the following twelve color pages, *Time* presents a panorama of this extraordinary rebirth.

Its heart is the Common Market, but it reaches beyond the six countries that presently constitute it, Britain, while not yet a member, shares in the new affluence and in the ever-widening ways of life. A typical incident occurred a few years ago, when a Hollywood movie company went on location near Nottingham to film *Sons and Lovers*. D. H. Lawrence's somber nov-

el about life in the sooty, poverty-ridden English Midlands. Before the scene could be made to look properly depressing for the camera, the film makers had to go from house to house, asking townspeople to take down their television antennas.

Such symptoms of prosperity are everywhere. Taste has become more cosmopolitan and leisure more adventurous. Some 1,500 Chinese restaurants have opened in Britain in the past six years; chartered aircraft flew Chinese waiters in from Hong Kong. Welsh miners now drink imported Danish beer instead of mild-and-bitter.



De GAULLE & ADENAUER
From ashes to miracle—to fact.

while a leading Swiss candy firm is marketing *chocolat au whisky*. Toting cameras and wearing lederhosen, more than 1,000,000 Germans spread out over Europe from the Baltic to the Balkans every summer, reverting to their old passion for tourism. Other Europeans are keeping pace: French workers have a three-week vacation guaranteed every year. The European workman, who used to be almost as firmly tied to his home town as the peasant to the soil, now is on the move in pursuit of both new-found leisure and of better jobs. Workers in the still-depressed Italian south, whose choice used to be between staying put or emigrating all the way across the Atlantic, have found their "America" at home by moving to Italy's booming, industrial north; others go to Switzerland or England and return with their savings.

Class feeling is still far stronger in Europe than in the U.S., but one of the great facts in the new Europe is that the

"proletariat" is being pushed toward middle-class status.

Widening Windows. The American influence is seen in supermarkets, motels, and rent-a-car agencies, now almost as omnipresent as Coca-Cola. Self-service is the rage—butchereries and grocerias in Britain and *lavo self* (Laundromats) in France, Kellogg's *flakes* (cornflakes) are the new staple of the Italian breakfast table. G.I.s stationed in Europe have introduced soapbox derbies, and bowling has become a new fad in Britain and France. German executives have taken to the absolutely clean, modern desk. For a middle-class woman in Munich or Cologne, it is "in" to have ice cream at the airport while the jets take off; for a smalltime Berlin reporter, it is in to wear button-down shirts and pointed Italian shoes—way out to speak Russian or waltz.

Color now splashes once-drab façades. New hotels, apartment houses and office buildings sport bright paint jobs. Even the ancient grime on the sacred Gothic spires of Oxford is being sandblasted away. Something in the German soul has long resisted big windows, but in Germany, and elsewhere, the small, heavily lidded apertures are giving way to huge walls of glass. Most of the new architecture clashes violently with Europe's revered old monuments. Berliners increasingly refer to the cylindrical new church at the gutted 19th century Gedächtniskirche as the "soul silo."

Confident Youth. Only country in Western Europe without a housing shortage is Belgium. But the others are feverishly building. West Germany has put up 5,000,000 new homes, and housing starts in France have trebled over prewar days. With the increased urbanization, the governments of Europe have begun to decentralize industry and pump new economic life into the provinces with ambitious regional redevelopment programs. Belgium's inefficient coal mines are gradually being closed down, and the mining regions, where Vincent van Gogh worked as a lay preacher among emaciated miners, are becoming light-industry centers.

In their formal communiqué last week, De Gaulle and Adenauer addressed a special appeal for the cooperation of young people, and Europe's youth show signs of breaking down barriers that their fathers once thought insuperable; thousands of new schools are being built, and foreign languages are being seriously studied by a growing percentage of students. Economic progress as such always leaves more to be done and is always subject to setbacks. Western Europe's spectacular boom reaches beyond economics by having given its people a new sense of self-confidence; instead of the old feeling of superiority to the U.S., based on past culture, there is now a sense of equality based on current achievement. Europe's resurgence, which only yesterday seemed a miracle, today has become almost commonplace fact.



THE NEW EUROPE

SKYSCRAPER SKYLINE, mark of new age for most European capitals, signals end of old London silhouette. Just erected, 34-story Millbank tower (soon to become

Vickers Ltd. building) is 67 ft. higher than distant Big Ben. Glass-walled shafts infuriate traditionalists but are effective way to expand cities too vast to grow outward.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE BBC FOR THE BBC FILM UNIT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE BBC FOR THE BBC FILM UNIT.



NEW GAS FIELD discovered at Lacq, France, in 1963, now powers industrial center dominated by massive water tower.



ATOMIC POWER PLANT Berkeley, England, produces 600,000 kw.

but prices are still one third higher than conventionally made power.

NEW INDUSTRIES



IBM-FRANCE Research Center, designed by Marcel Breuer, is in range north of Nice. Just finished, it is U.S. corporation's fifth European venture.





INDUSTRIAL PARK near Cardiff, Wales, is a successful long-term government-sponsored project to pump new economic

life into green Welsh valleys. Since war 500 factories have opened in Wales, with main concentration in light industry.





THEATER AT GELSENKIRCHEN is a glittery, glassy spectacle in gloomy Ruhr city. Since war Germany has built 59 new opera houses and theaters to satisfy culture boom.

NIGHT SHIFT AT WOLFSBURG works on into night at Volkswagen's oldest and biggest plant, which lights up sky as workers labor to keep output at 4,000 cars daily.



EUROPE AFTER DARK



DINING IN ROME is al-fresco delight on warm summer evenings. Guests gather

at Alfredo's tables on Piazza di Santa Maria in Trastevere, here savor *la dolce vita*.



RAINBOW HUES IN MILAN distinguish office building to open this fall on square where Mussolini's body was exhibited. Green beacon on mast forecasts fair weather ahead.



NIGHTCLUBBING IN PARIS draws increasing number of flush French cabaret fanciers and tourists to such familiar haunts

as Pigalle's Moulin Rouge. Self-service restaurant (center) is patterned on U.S. model, does rush business from noon till 11 p.m.

THE AMERICAN INFLUENCE



GAS STATION at Marly-Le-Pecq near Paris is one of 2,000 built by Caltex

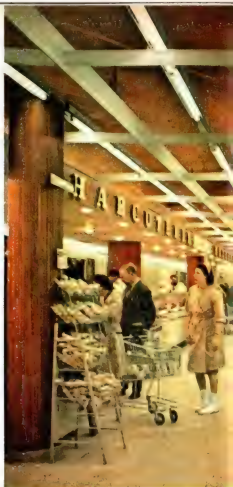
since 1955. *Le Super* and *huile 5 Star* are now part of the French vocabulary.



LE DRUGSTORE on the Champs-Élysées is a favorite rendezvous.



NEW MOTEL on France's Côte d'Azur is American owned and full up most of year.



SUPERMARKETS are taking Europe by storm. Paris *supermarchés* alone opened this year, is one of a prosperous chain.



CARS-FOR-RENT do a brisk business. Hertz alone services 168 European cities.



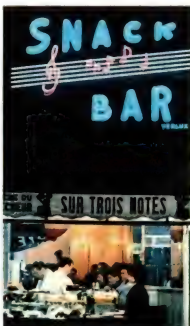
FORD PLANT at Dagenham, England, turns out tractors. Of its 22,000 workers, one in three now drives his own car to job.



LE CHICKEN SELF is one of several Paris eating places providing quick counter meals in U.S. style. "Self" is short for self-service.



SNACK BARS are popular American innovation along with such U.S. specialties as cheeseburgers (80¢).



LUNCH COUNTERS are revolutionizing Europe's eating habits threatening tradition of two-hour lunches.



T SHIRTS AND BLUE JEANS are stock in trade of Milan shop that does good business specializing in such U.S. garments as big-billed baseball caps.

HOUSING FOR TOMORROW



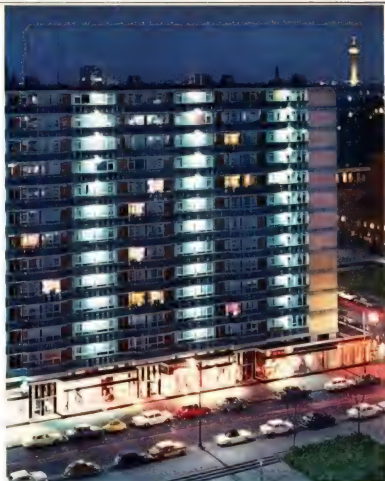
NEW PARTS of large-scale housing projects is rising on capital's outskirts. Outstanding is Cité des Couillères, whose

undulating blocks and towers house 1,700 who pay 415 NF (\$13) a month for four rooms. Heat and taxes are extra.



BELGIUM'S LIEGE has new apartment city on site of old Champ des Manœuvres. Middle-class housing accommodates 7,000, is among the largest in Benelux.

MODERN LONDON shoulders aside traditional buildings—as Hyde Park Corner readsies new underpass and 12-story London Hilton rises within view of Buckingham Palace.



REBUILT ROTTERDAM, heavily bombed in war, today gleams with new

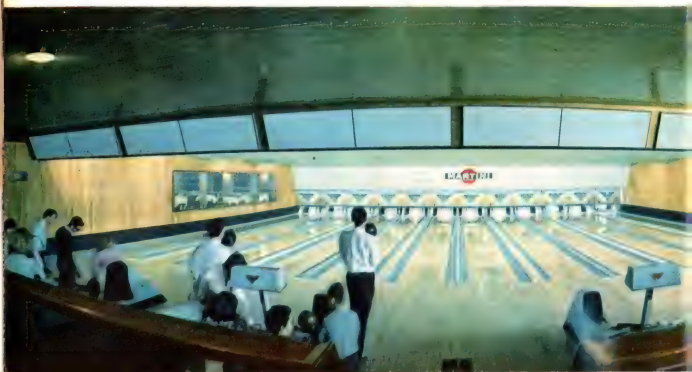
stores and apartment houses (above). Euromast in distance is port beacon.





DANCING IN BRITAIN is having postwar boom as five million twisters and fox-trotters turn out on Saturday night. Hammersmith Palais (above) alone draws 750,000 annually.

BOWLING IN THE BOIS de Boulogne is latest Paris fad, has even inspired name of new French drink. Bowling Alleys (below) were opened in 1960, are busy until 2 a.m.



EUROPE AT PLAY



KARTING AT ANTIBES has become year-round vogue for Riviera set. Miniature racers at

"La Siesta" (above) now attract crowds of up to 5,000. Drivers are amateur, betting informal.



VIEWING ON VIA VENETO is Roman summer sport in which customers at fashionable Doney's ogle one another in high hopes someone is a celebrity.



BOATING IN ROME on Lago dell'EUR, created for 1960 Olympics, takes place against Miami-like vista of new

luxury apartments and ministry. Tall building at right is Rome headquarters for ENI, Italy's state oil authority.

FOR THE COMING
GENERATION,
A BRIGHT WORLD

NEW NAVE with dome suggesting giant bud was built beside gutted spire, all that survived of St. Rochus' 10th century Roman Catholic church in Düsseldorf.



NEW WORLD of glass and steel near office tower awaits children in London's Earl's Court. Since the war 5,000 schools have gone up for new British school-agers.





THOMAS B. HOLLYMAN

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER

No longer a moat, but more than a memory.

COMMON MARKET

Crossing the Channel

(See Cover)

For nine centuries, since William the Conqueror won the Battle of Hastings, the English Channel has stood as the "moat defensive" between Britain and her foes, between the "blessed plot" and the "envy of less happier lands." Today, Paris-London jets pass over the Channel tides in three minutes; nuclear missiles would blast across in as many seconds. The balance of envy has changed. Increasingly prosperous Britons, who swarm across to the Continent by the thousands each summer, return with European notions of comfort, elegance and efficiency that have breached England's insularity more surely than any invader.

But if the Channel is no longer a moat, it is more than a memory. In the missile age, as in the Middle Ages, it is still the demarcation line of British sovereignty, the symbol of differences in law and language, attitudes and institutions that have historically separated Englishmen from Europeans—and mingled their blood on countless European battlefields. "The English," it is said, "are always willing to die for foreigners—but not to live with them."

This month, some 400 years since Britain was driven from her last French possession, the island nation approaches the climax of a historic effort to vault the Channel and bind her fortunes indissolubly to those of the new, united, booming Western Europe. This decision will deeply affect Britain's relations with 724 million Commonwealth citizens. Britons who want to remember the sails of Drake and Raleigh, and the balance sheets that once followed the flag around the world, are being asked to turn their backs on what little remains of the Empire and to abandon (or so many believe) yesterday's wide horizons for a nearby, still suspect coast. And yet, to an extent unforeseeable only a few years ago, the decision to join Europe's Common Market may also be a new adventure for Britain and restore British prestige and power. The outcome will influence the future of Europe and of the entire free world.

Unite or Perish. Britain's passage to Europe began in earnest on a grey October day in Paris last year. Behind the closed doors of a high-ceilinged conference room in the Quai d'Orsay, Britain's Lord Privy Seal, Edward Richard George Heath, formally notified ministers of the six Common Market nations that his government had reached "a great decision, a turning point in our history." In a deep, resonant voice, Heath declared: "We desire to become full, wholehearted and active members of the European Community in its widest sense, and to go forward with you in the building of a new Europe." Gravely, he added: "Europe must unite or perish. We are convinced that our destiny is intimately linked with yours."

Never before had a British government committed itself so emphatically to economic and political union with Europe. For centuries, Britain had practiced what Disraeli elegantly called "abstention" from Europe, except when a drastic upset in the Continental balance of power made it necessary to intervene. This policy remained in force virtually until yesterday. For a dozen years, Labor and Conservative governments consistently cold-shouldered the supranational institutions that paved the way for the Common Market. To many European statesmen, Ted Heath's declaration last year was a hopeful echo of Winston Churchill's ringing pleas for European unity in the 1940s—but also a bitter reminder that even Churchill had never brought his people to share his vision.

The Vision Ahead. The U.S. is backing Britain's initiative with unalloyed enthusiasm—and, at times, pushing it with so much vigor that the more discreet British are downright embarrassed. U.S. policymakers, like many in Europe, are still fearful that the Six, dominated by France and Germany, could become a "Little Europe" and then retire behind high tariff walls into a political third-force position. With her ties to the U.S. and the multiracial Commonwealth, Britain's adherence to the Continent is the free world's best hope that Europe will evolve instead into a liberal, outward-looking community committed for the foreseeable future to the Western Alliance.

Despite serious obstacles it is increasingly probable—if by no means certain—that Britain will be admitted to the Common Market. When that happens, the Market will encompass close to 224 million people—more than the U.S. (185 million) or the U.S.S.R. (218 million). It will produce more coal and steel than either of the present-day great powers, be the world's second biggest automaker (rather the U.S.), absorb almost half of all world exports. If Britain's partners in the rival European Free Trade Association (Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Switzerland, Portugal) become associated with the community, it will number some 264 million people.

Committed by its charter, the Treaty of Rome, to enduring and "ever closer union," the Common Market may become a United States of Europe in the 1970s, with general elections, as British Liberal Leader Jo Grimond predicts, "reaching from the Orkney Islands to Sicily."

The Man for the Job. The man charged by Prime Minister Harold Macmillan with the day-to-day burden of bringing about this goal is a lifelong, dedicated European. Blue-eyed, silver-haired Ted Heath, 46, was born on the Kentish coast within sight of France—or "the mainland," as he calls it today. In his maiden speech before the House of Commons in 1950, Heath urged the government (in vain) to join the European Coal & Steel Community, the germinal economic pact that was planned as a first step toward the federation of Europe. Last month E.C.S.C. members finally agreed to study Britain's application for full membership. The "Minister for Europe," as Heath is sometimes called, is closer to Prime Minister Macmillan than any other man in British politics. "Ted Heath," draws Harold Macmillan, "is a man I would go tiger hunting with."

For his current Brussels safari, the Lord Privy Seal* hand-picked a high-

* "I am neither a lord, nor a privy, nor a seal," Heath quipped recently. The 900-year-old office, so named because its holder was once custodian of the monarch's private signet, today is a ministry without portfolio used for special assignments.

echelon band of astute and experienced civil servants. Headed by Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's ambassador in Paris, they are known as "the Flying Knights" because of their titles and breathless commuting between capitals. With their support, the Lord Privy Seal has won a degree of respect from the Eurocrats that is rarely granted British officials on the Continent. Round the horseshoe table in the faceless slab that houses Belgium's Foreign Ministry on Brussels' Rue des Quatre Bras, they soon discovered that Heath's affable exterior masks tenacious curiosity, an infinite capacity for details, and a tungsten will.

But Negotiator Heath faces formidable political and economic obstacles in trying to work out British admission. After putting in twelve-hour days and seven-day weeks for months in hopes of getting what the Six call "a general panorama of solutions" by the end of this month, it seems unlikely that he will now be able to present it to Parliament before its summer recess.

The Barriers. Konrad Adenauer and Charles de Gaulle have apparently accepted Britain's entry as inevitable, but have not yet shown any signs of being willing to ease the admission price. They both consider the Common Market a Continental achievement and the British as latecomers who want to reap its benefits while trying to control and change it. Since Britain is asking special tariff concessions for the Commonwealth, Adenauer and De Gaulle suggest that Britain is in fact trying to drag the whole Commonwealth into the Common Market—and that, as they say, would be like having "an elephant in the bathtub."

De Gaulle, who did not much care for the Common Market in the first place, has by now grown accustomed to it and regards it as a cozy Franco-German club whose whole nature will be changed with British entry. Although Britain's admission is favored by most other European leaders (Germany's Ludwig Erhard calls the Common Market without Britain a mere "noise" and a "ghostly unreality"), Charles de Gaulle continues to cherish his Carolingian vision of a unified Europe under French leadership.

However, De Gaulle appeared impressed during his talks with Macmillan last month when the Prime Minister pointed out that active British membership in the European community might have prevented World War I (in one battle, Macmillan was the only survivor of 30 officers in his Guards regiment), as well as Hitler's war. Also in Britain's favor, De Gaulle's reckoning, is her implicit support for a loose confederation of European states, along the lines of his own proposal for a Europe of Fatherlands, rather than an immediate, U.S.-style federal union. Britain cannot at this stage give France the nuclear know-how she has acquired under her "special relationship" with the U.S., but De Gaulle is well aware of Britain's potential contribution to the independent European nuclear deterrent that is only a few years distant—even though Britain shares



HEATH (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH FLYING KNIGHTS IN BRUSSELS
Neither a lord, nor a privy, nor a seal—but "the Minister for Europe."

Washington's conviction that it must be linked to NATO.

Settled Issues. At the working level in Brussels, the biggest problem facing Heath is to secure adequate safeguards for Commonwealth trade. Negotiations so far have been largely based on laborious economic studies of the Commonwealth's 27 independent nations and 47 dependencies. Two important issues have been settled so far: the British have agreed to apply, after 1970, the Market's common external tariff against manufactured imports from the Commonwealth, and the Europeans have agreed to let Britain have certain essential raw materials without any tariff. One of the remaining problems concerns tariff levels for "tropical" produce—cocoa, coffee, bananas, etc., mainly from Africa and the West Indies. To protect her own onetime colonies, France won associate membership in the Common Market for 18 African nations, who thus enjoy preferential treatment for their exports.

Last week the African nations renewed their membership for another five-year term—and won \$280 million in development funds—but farsightedly voted down France's proposal to limit associate membership and thereby discriminate against Britain's former African possessions. Hoping to broaden Europe's commitment to Africa, despite Khrushchev's cry that the Common Market is a "new form of colonialism," the African delegates won agreement from the Six that "analogous treatment" should be offered former British colonies.

The Biggest Problem. By far the most crucial issue involves Temperate Zone producers, notably Australia, Canada and New Zealand, traditionally Britain's biggest food suppliers. Britain wants guarantees that they will find continuing markets for their grain, meat and dairy products. They will no longer be allowed free entry into Britain when she adopts the full Common Market tariff, which is designed to protect European farmers. France is Western Europe's biggest wheat producer, and opposes permanent concessions to the Commonwealth producers.

since she hopes to sell French surpluses to Britain (which may have to pay as much as 10% more for her food). Probable solutions: 1) gradual application of tariffs over a transition period of eight to twelve years so that the Commonwealth growers will find new markets; 2) world-wide commodity agreements, possibly by 1970.

In its indignation over the possibility of such a deal, Australia last month pointedly met with Chinese Communist officials to discuss ways of increasing trade. In fact, say economists, Britain's preferential trading arrangements with Australia and Canada pampered their economies too long by encouraging them to export to far-off Britain instead of developing closer and more profitable markets. Britain is most worried about New Zealand, which is virtually an English farm and ships 62% of its total exports (mostly dairy products and meat) to Britain where they will no longer be able to compete after Common Market tariffs apply. The British are least worried about Canada, which sells only one-sixth of its total exports to Britain and has ready markets for its bread grains.

The Case Against. The future of the Commonwealth has become a deeply emotional issue among Britons, who remember gratefully its ungrudging gifts of troops and runs in two near-mortal wars. Empire-First Lord Beaverbrook has waged a mighty campaign to stir up British sentiment on behalf of the Commonwealth and against the U.S. and Germany, which his papers accuse of plotting to "steal" British markets: to round out the picture, the *Daily Express* predicted recently that England will be flooded with "French mutton stew."

On more significant grounds, the Labor Party's left wing fears that Common Market membership may jeopardize further nationalization of industry if a Labor government returns to power, and it generally distrusts Western Europe's massive shattering with planned free enterprise—a shattering riposte to Marxism of all shades. Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell, though privately in favor of Brit-

ain's entry, is biding his time; if the Tories, at an eleven-year low ebb, fail to win favorable terms, the Labor Party and rebellious right-wing Tories could seriously embarrass the government.

One argument that has rattled on in Britain since Henry VIII is that Britain should not associate with predominantly Roman Catholic Western Europe; the Free Church of Scotland has specifically warned members against the sinister "web of Rome." Another criticism of British membership is that under Common Market guarantees of free movement, the Anglo-Saxon shores will be invaded by hordes of immigrants from the Continent, competing for jobs and living space.

The Case For. Most businessmen, particularly the big industrialists, favor Britain's entry, thereby arousing labor union suspicions that they plan to trim British wages to Continental levels. Actually, those levels are rising.⁶ More significantly, Common Market membership would shake up labor's soft and featherbedded ways. At present, British workers are immobile, hence many areas suffer from a severe labor shortage; plants will do anything—including slowing down production—to keep workers. British industry would have to take drastic steps to reorganize and re-equip. Many British businessmen agree that the "bracing cold shower," as Macmillan describes European competition, may flush inefficient firms right out of business. But, Macmillan argues, Britain is facing that competition anyway, and will be able to meet it under better conditions if she joins. In the Market, "the test will be in the straight competition of brains, productive capacity and energy per man."

In the heat of the Commonwealth controversy, few Britons recall that its sacrosanct trade ties started as a marriage of convenience—and have lately proved increasingly inconvenient. Since the 1880s, British politicians have dreamed of the Empire as a competition-proof common market that would forever absorb British manufactured goods and supply cheap raw materials in exchange. But it never worked that way. In 1962, as Richard Cobden protested in the early 19th century, the Commonwealth is, in purely economic terms, "but a gorgeous and ponderous appendage to swell our ostensible grandeur without improving our balance of trade."

While clinging possessively to the right of free entry into British markets, the Commonwealth nations have tended increasingly to discriminate against British goods that threatened their own budding industries. In recent years, Britain's Commonwealth trade has consistently ended in the red. Britain's exports to the

Commonwealth since 1954 have dwindled from 40% to 36% of her total foreign trade; they were actually exceeded this year, for the first time, by her exports to Western Europe. Trade with the six Common Market countries alone has soared 30% since 1960 and now accounts for more than one-third of Britain's overseas sales.

Moreover, throughout the booming '50s, Britain's economy limped ahead at less than half the Common Market's rate of growth (annual average: 8%). Although at home Britons lived amid unprecedented—and inflationary—prosperity, a long series of financial crises culminated last summer in a massive, sustained flight from the pound that at its peak pumped up to \$1.4 billion a month out of Britain. The government stanching the flow with heavy loans and anti-inflationary wage curbs (the "pay pause"), but the only permanent cure, economists decided, was to boost Britain's exports a herculean 40% over the next four years.

If Britain Does Not Join. Complacent British industry drastically needs to cut costs, improve design, and sell as aggressively as its European competitors. Most of all, Britain needs a bigger, more dynamic market than the Commonwealth, in which fewer than 90 million citizens have any real purchasing power. Even Australia, Britain's best Commonwealth customer, has a population only slightly larger than Paris and Rome combined. Despite high tariffs on British imports, Europeans already have a healthy appetite for marmalade and Jaguars. Wedgewood china and Scotch whisky (which chic Frenchmen fancy in *le long drink*), British sweaters and men's shoes, chocolates and cloth—but not what Parisians call "weedyweedy"—also rate high with Continentals. The British, in turn, have shown a growing desire for Continental products and even customs. British import duties make the Volkswagen \$370 more expensive than the sleekly styled, British-made Ford Anglia, but more and more Englishmen are buying the sturdy

German car. Increasingly, the British are drinking French aperitifs, wearing bulky Italian sweaters, puffing Dutch cigars.

To cries of "betrayal" from Sydney and Ottawa, Macmillan's men reply that Britain can best lead the Commonwealth from within the Common Market, where she can help to lower tariffs, pare discriminatory internal taxes, and channel Europe's fast-growing investment funds to underdeveloped nations. The only alternative to Britain's membership, as Macmillan, Heath & Co. see it, would be to relinquish all claims to big-power status and resign herself, like 18th century Venice, to continued isolation and impoverishment.

This fate, and Heath's attitude toward it, was prophetically expressed when in 1934, as a teen-age member of his school debating society, young Heath proposed the motion that "This House Deplores the Whither-ance of Britain" (as usual, he won the debate).

Negotiator at Work. To prevent the whither-ance, or withering, of Britain today, Ted Heath, though not an economist by vocation, has made himself one. Even the "high priests," as Britain's negotiators call members of the nine-man Common Market Commission, have ruefully acknowledged error when Heath has challenged an imprecise interpretation of the Treaty of Rome, which is virtually sacred writ on the Rue des Quatre Bras.

In Brussels, where he has discovered a gourmet's haven called *Comme Chez Soi* far off the beaten track, Heath gives small, elegant dinner parties for individual delegations. Says one recent guest: "He starts doing business immediately, asking questions all the time: 'Why do you do this?' 'Why do you want that?' By dessert he knows exactly what he wants to know." Though many were skeptical of Britain's motives at first, Heath has convinced Common Market officials of his government's deep commitment to membership in the community. "If this is not so," remarked a Belgian official, "then Heath is a truly marvelous actor."

A left-of-center Tory in domestic issues,



"BUT, MY DEAR, YOU KNOW—ALL THESE RUMORS OF OUR BREAK-UP ARE RIDICULOUS!"

⁶ West German wage rates, for example, have risen 31% since 1958, compared with an increase of only 16% in Britain. In cash wages, industrial workers in Britain average 77¢ an hour, more than in any Common Market country except little Luxembourg. But latter fringe benefits in Europe make actual labor costs higher—3¢ an hour more in France, 15¢ in Germany—than Britain's 87¢ average.

Heath is regarded by fellow M.P.s as an "unfappable," honorable, totally dedicated politician who has ruthlessly eliminated from his personal life any interest or pleasure that would interfere with his career. He does not smoke, sips a single sherry or Campari before dinner, and occasionally twirls a brandy glass afterward. A bachelor, he lives modestly in a two-room apartment a few paces from Berkeley Square. One of his few indulgences is a sizable stereophonic record collection; though he is fond of art ("I'm afraid the abstracts don't appeal to me"), his most valuable pictures are a pair of landscapes in oil, signed W.S.C., that were a gift from the Old Gentleman who painted them. He occasionally takes a girl out to dinner, but even the inventive British press has hardly ever hinted that Heath has time for romance.

Explains a longtime colleague: "If Macmillan calls Heath from the Prime Minister's country residence at 11 o'clock on a Saturday morning and says 'Can you come to Chequers for the weekend?', he has no ties and he can go." Heath's friends have no doubt that some day Heath hopes to go to Chequers on his own—as Prime Minister. His long-range chances look good.* Many Britons believe that the nation's biggest task in the years ahead will be to strike a firm balance between the conflicting claims of NATO, Europe, the U.S., and the Commonwealth. They see astute, dedicated Heath as the ringmaster. So far, he has always acted under orders, and no one can be sure whether he could go it alone. But Ted Heath has one indispensable prerequisite for leadership—he is a superbly skilled politician.

Organ Tones. He was born July 9, 1916, light-years away from the graceful world that traditionally breeds Tory leaders. His father was a master builder in the sleepy seaside resort of Broadstairs, Kent, where Charles Dickens worked on *David Copperfield*. "Rather a nobby place," was Dickens' description of Broadstairs, but old friends remember young Heath as rather nobody. While other boys played on the beach, he preferred to read indoors or practice on the battered upright in the Heaths' front room. He grew up in a semidetached, six-room house beside the railway tracks that shudders every time a train passes, and he returns there at every opportunity. Each year, he still organizes and directs a Christmas concert, known as "Our Carol Party" in Broadstairs, that he started in 1936 to raise funds for charity.

Young Heath first showed a flair for music in his early teens, when he was attending a grammar school near Broadstairs. After six years there, he landed a coveted organ scholarship to Balliol, Oxford's most earnest college and Harold Macmillan's alma mater. Heath played the organ at chapel and conducted the

BRITAIN & EUROPE A Chronology

55 B.C. Julius Caesar invades Britain. Roman rule, firmly established by 85 A.D., brings peace to Celtic tribes.

c. 410. Last Roman legions leave Britain after fall of Rome to the Visigoths.
449-577. Saxon pirates overrun England.
597. Rome's St. Augustine brings Christianity to Britain.

783. First Viking raids. Norsemen's victories in 1016 bring Denmark's Canute to throne, unify England.

1066. William of Normandy conquers England. Last successful invasion of Britain establishes kingdom's ties with Europe. By mid-12th century, England rules all western France to Pyrenees.

1337-1453. Hundred Years' War between France and confident, aggressive England. Vastly outnumbered, superior English bowmen win Battle of Crécy (1346).

1415. Henry V wins Battle of Agincourt, is later acknowledged heir to French throne.

1422. Henry V's death leads to long series of British defeats. Britain loses all its French possessions except Calais, which French seize in 1558. Britain's sailors and traders turn to New World.

1533. Henry VIII breaks with Pope, leading to adoption of Anglican faith as state religion.

1587. Mary Queen of Scots executed. Spain's Philip II claims British throne.

1588. Spanish Armada destroyed by Queen Elizabeth's navy, freeing Holland and France from domination by Spain.

1713. Peace of Utrecht. Eleven-year war with France ends with Britain as Europe's dominant economic and maritime power.
1756-63. Seven Years' War. Britain defends Prussia against Austria, Russia and France.

1815. Battle of Waterloo and defeat of Napoleon. Britain, other European powers at Congress of Vienna inaugurate a century of overall peace in Western Europe.

1854-56. Crimean War. Britain blocks Russian expansion into Middle East, retires into "splendid isolation" from European affairs.

1880s. Industrial competition from Europe turns British trade to the Empire.

1904. *Entente Cordiale* with France, prompted by rise of German sea power.

1914-18. World War I. Britain loses more than 800,000 men.

1938. Munich. Chamberlain promises "peace for our time."

1939-45. World War II. Britain loses close to 400,000 lives.

1940. After Hitler's armies invade France, Churchill offers France political union with Britain. The offer is rejected.

1945. Britain becomes charter member of the U.N., joins NATO in 1949, pledges "permanent" army on the Rhine (1953).

1957. The Six sign Treaty of Rome. In 1959 Britain organizes Outer Seven.

1961. Britain seeks admission to Common Market.

choir. He majored in politics, philosophy and economics, but was torn between the law and music as a profession. In 1940 he joined the Royal Artillery as a private in the ranks, fought through four of the Six: France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. He came out of the war a lieutenant colonel—and a bit of a drifter. He moved from a desk job at the Ministry of Aviation ("not much fun") to the post of news editor of the Anglican *Church Times* (where he is remembered as a deft headline writer) to trainee executive in a private merchant banking firm.

Through business acquaintances, Heath met some influential Tories who persuaded him that he might be just the man to fight Bexley (pop. 88,784), a Kentish dormitory town adjoining Harold Macmillan's constituency, which had voted Labor by 1,851 votes in a 1946 by-election. Shy, shaggy Kentishman Heath immediately captured the Tory matrons' vote. Says one: "When he flashed that smile of his, he won our hearts. From then on, we all called him Teddy among ourselves."

To Parliament. Unlike most Conservative candidates, Heath had no outside income. Staking his savings on an election that was still three years distant, he built one of the country's strongest Tory organizations, canvassed every house in town, held special meetings for professional people who are normally the backbone of the party—and played the national anthem on the piano. His name helped; to most Britons even today, the Ted Heath (no kin) is a handelevator, and young voters occasionally attended his rallies under the impression that there would be dancing. In the 1950 election Heath squeaked in by 133 votes. By assiduous nursing he carried Bexley by 1,639 votes the following year; in 1959 his margin was 8,633, a swing of 20,000 votes in 13 years.

After his election to Parliament, "Teddy" Heath trimmed a syllable from his first name and several inches from his haircut. With help from a Savile Row tailor, the spruce new member for Bexley looked the very image of the up-and-coming New Conservative.

Smart Whip. Within a year of his election he was promoted to assistant whip, one of a band of Commons corporals charged with enforcing party discipline. Most ambitious young politicians shun the role, since whips are so heavily burdened with party duties that they have little chance to make their mark in the House. Heath leaped at the job, which he saw as a unique opportunity to master the subtle inner mechanisms of Parliament and party. Thanks to a natural and sometimes ruthless flair for handling men and anticipating trouble, he rose rapidly through the whips' ranks until, in 1955, he was elected chief whip.

When he had been in that post less than a year, Ted Heath's reputation was put to the test in the ordeal of the Suez crisis. For weeks a top-to-bottom split in Tory ranks threatened to topple the government. In night after night of impassioned

* Though no Prime Minister in modern times has been a bachelor, 43 men who have held the office, 38 (including Heath) went to Eton or Harrow; 34, like Heath, went to Oxford.



HORTICULTURIST IN BEXLEY
A nose for sweet peas.

debate, Ted Heath's plump, pink face bobbed up wherever, as one M.P. says, "there was a soul to be saved." Convinced that it was too perilous a time for a general election, he averted that disaster almost singlehanded.

Finally, when Eden's illness made his resignation inevitable, it fell to Chief Whip Heath to summon the twelve other party whips to his office at 12 Downing Street and, in effect, pick a new Prime Minister. Recalls one participant in the meeting: "Round and round we went, talking for hours—all except Ted. He listened." After listening almost all night, Heath was able to assure party chieftains that the rank and file would wholeheartedly support one man: Harold Macmillan.

The Grass Roots. The new Prime Minister, who by then dined almost nightly with Heath, made him Minister of Labor in 1950, when his government was stepping hard on inflationary pay raises. After only nine months at Labor, he was summoned by Macmillan and entrusted with the momentous job of getting Britain into Europe. He was appointed Lord Privy Seal, was also appointed to serve as Foreign Office spokesman in the Commons, since Foreign Secretary Lord Home sits in the House of Lords. Heath remembers the source of his power, and even in the midst of his present faithful negotiations, he manages frequent visits to his constituency. On a recent Saturday, Heath flew back to London from Brussels

at noon and drove his seven-year-old black sedan down the Old Kent Road to Bexley. After a 15-minute huddle with his local party agent, Heath headed for a flower show held by the Horticultural Society, whose most coveted award (for fruit and vegetables) is the Edward Heath Challenge Cup. There he shook hands with the prizewinners, assiduously sniffed sweet peas ("Used to grow them myself when I was a boy"),

After a quick visit to the Bexley Heath and District Rose Society show (patron: Edward Heath), the Lord Privy Seal stopped at his favorite pub, the King's Head, where the regulars greeted him as "Squire." There he downed three half-pints of bitter from a silver tankard and hustled off to present prizes at the North Kent Budgerigar and Foreign Bird Society annual show (patron: Edward Heath). Having made the rounds of Alario finches, Napoleon weavers and their fanciers, Heath headed cheerily back to London for dinner at the Savoy Grill.

Heath's attention to local politics is far from irrelevant. As he drove up Bexley's main street, he could see the gay new travel agency advertising the "sunshine and sands of Italy," while grocers displayed Dutch strawberries and French asparagus, alongside New Zealand apples—all vivid reminders of Heath's Common Market problems.

End of a Reverie. The discussion of those problems is growing ever more heated. A national opinion poll reported that those who favored admission to the Common Market had slumped from 47.1% of those polled in mid-April to 28.2% at the end of June. Taken at face value, the swing may well be due to real concern over the future of British sovereignty and independence; watching the tough French attitude at Brussels, many Britons have come to fear that, in the Market, Britain would be outnumbered, would not so much lead as be led. But to a large extent, the poll only reflected the fact that the government, as a bargaining maneuver, has calculatedly downplayed its high hopes in Britain so as not to raise the price of membership in Brussels.

Whatever else it accomplished, the great debate has wrought a refreshing change in the pulse and temper of Britain. Compared with bustling Europe, where far crueler wartime devastation forced its peoples to build and plan for the future, Britain at war's end sank back into a grandiose reverie in which—despite rising prosperity—the island was almost visibly turning into a museum of its own past glories. In the last year, Englishmen have been forced to re-examine their society and decide on its future. Those under 40, in particular, have been stimulated by a tide of change that most believe to be inevitable.

"The British are not working any harder than they were a few years ago," reports TIME's London Bureau Chief Robert Elson. "and the philosophy of 'I'm all right, Jack,' lingers on, and yet a change has taken place. It has still to be acknowledged by a majority of Englishmen. But individually and collectively, they have

concluded that they had better get moving in the big outside world once more. Perhaps unconsciously they have decided that it is no longer enough to stay as they are. Sir William Haley, editor of the *Times*, put it this way: 'The mood of Britain is once again energetic, eager, prepared for the next expectant voyage—wherever it may lead.'"

Old Forms for New. Expectancy and adventure have always flowed from the commingled races from which the English are sprung. Whether handed down from Iberians or Celts, bloodthirsty Vikings or prudent Normans, or from the blend of their strains, the urge to cross oceans and found new societies has been the island nation's most compelling characteristic from the days of the Crusades and European adventure through three centuries of expansion that planted Britain's flag in the New World, through Asia and across Africa.

In turning an empire into a commonwealth, the British showed unparalleled



CONDUCTOR & CAROLERS
A song but no dance.

genius for adapting old forms to new needs and alien peoples. Every other empire in history has either crumbled from within, exploded or been razed by invaders. By temperament and experience, Britain should be uniquely capable of making the successful passage from Commonwealth to Common Market—and in so doing, bring about that mingling of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin spirit that Historian André Siegfried saw as the genius of Europe. As Edward Heath said to the House of Commons last month, "What we are dealing with is not tariffs or trade. We are dealing with fundamental human values. They affect the future of millions of people here, in Europe, in the Commonwealth and right across the world. That is what gives us the inspiration to carry on."



HOMEBODY & PARENTS
An answer by dessert.

ALGERIA

Specter of Fratricide

For four days, Algeria reeled through the delirium of independence. When Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda of the F.L.N. Provisional Government arrived in Algiers, he was hailed by a half-million cheering Moslems waving green-white-and-red flags. Benkhedda was swept from his Jeep, borne shoulder-high through the ecstatic crowd, losing his habitual dark glasses on the way. But behind the cheers and the swirling flags lay a new threat to the tortured country. Now that the terror campaign waged by the Secret Army against the Moslems had at long last subsided, the Moslems began to fight among themselves, haunted by the familiar specter of all successful revolutions: fratricidal war between the moderate and extremist wings.

The Antagonists. The two opposing factions are headed by Premier Benkhedda and his Vice Premier, Mohammed ben Bella, two men as different in personality as in politics.

Benkhedda, 47, resembles his nickname "M'sien Tout le Monde" ("Mr. Everybody"). With a diligent manner and an emotionless voice, he is not the sort of charismatic figure usually found at the helm of revolutions. But he is a tough, machine-minded organization man who fought skillfully as a terrorist against the French, and is proving equally adept at intraparty warfare. His opponent, Ben Bella, 45, was one of the nine founders of the F.L.N. (only four others are alive today), a passionate orator and "activist," and still an authentic hero to millions of Algerians. In 1949 he held up the Oran central post office to get funds for the revolution, was later captured by the French, and escaped from jail. In 1956 Ben Bella and three other top leaders of the F.L.N. were arrested when their Moroccan plane was intercepted by the French, and he spent the next five years in French prisons. After France and the F.L.N. signed the Evian truce agreements, Ben Bella was released, and soon let it be known that he accepted neither the



PREMIER BENCHEDDA IN ALGIERS
For Mr. Everybody, a new threat.

policy nor the authority of Benkhedda. Ben Bella may be no Communist, but he spouts the Marxist line and would work with the Communists if he thought that this could get him to power.

The men with whom Ben Bella has most in common are the top military leaders of the F.L.N., army units stationed in Tunisia and Morocco. Unlike the 70,000 F.L.N. guerrillas inside Algeria—most of whom seemed loyal to Benkhedda—the Tunisian and Moroccan detachments have done little fighting against the French. They are uniformed and disciplined men, armed with Russian and Czech weapons, indoctrinated by Marxist commissars.

The Conspiracy. Ben Bella first tried to win power last May. Then, he claims the National Revolutionary Council, the quasi-parliamentary body of F.L.N., backed him against Benkhedda, who simply ignored the council's wishes. Ben Bella was persuaded not to bring the fight out into the open until independence was

gained. Meanwhile he joined with lean, tubercular Colonel Houari Boumedienne, F.L.N. army commander outside Algeria, in working out a plot to seize power. On independence day, F.L.N. army detachments from Tunisia and Morocco were to cross into Algeria, declare the Provisional Government invalid, and call on Ben Bella to form a new government.

But Benkhedda has long anticipated such a move. Months ago, he began filtering loyal subordinates into Algeria. In Algiers, Benkhedda's agent ruled the Moslem population throughout the period of S.A.O. terror and was largely responsible for preventing indiscriminate reprisals against the Europeans. By independence day, he claimed effective control of four of the six Algerian wilayas (zones), and almost all the civilian F.L.N. apparatus.

From this position of strength, Benkhedda precipitated the crisis by firing Colonel Boumedienne and two of his top military aides, denouncing their "mad and criminal designs." This action threw the other conspirators off stride. Mohammed ben Bella had fled to Cairo, for help to his idol, Dictator Gamal Abdel Nasser. Uncertain just who was winning, Nasser discreetly asked both sides to patch up their differences.

At week's end Benkhedda found himself attacked by a new foe: neighboring Morocco, whose King Hassan II constantly supported Algerian nationalism. Moroccan troops swept into Algeria's western Sahara and occupied desert posts in a region to which Morocco has long laid claim. A student expressed the bitter disillusionment already felt by many Algerians: "If this is independence, why bother?"

WEST GERMANY

Judgment at Bonn

The case is unusual in that the defendants are charged with crimes committed in the name of the law. The defendants served as judges. They distorted, they perverted, they destroyed justice and law.

With those words, the prosecution opened the case against the accused judges in the film *Judgment at Nuremberg*. Last week, the West German government enacted its own version of the movie.

In order to protect the judiciary from political pressure, the West German constitution specifies that judges must be appointed for life. In practice, the 1949 law has revealed a damaging defect: of the country's 11,600 judges, about 100 turned out to have sat on Nazi criminal courts. Growing increasingly sensitive to the presence of even the small number of tainted judges, Bonn's Bundestag in June 1961 unanimously passed a law offering full pensions to these judges if they voluntarily retired within a year. If they refused the government would seek a constitutional amendment to remove them, cancel their pension rights and put them to trial.

Last week, as the one-year deadline arrived, 143 judges and prosecutors quit; only 14 stubbornly refused. To remove even this remnant, the government still plans its constitutional amendment.



BEN BELLA & BOUMEDIENNE (WEARING CAP) REVIEWING F.L.N. TROOPS
From an ex-holdup man, a Marxist challenge.



DIRECTOR SHRIVER

PEACE CORPS

The West at Its Best

When the U.S. Peace Corps contingent arrived in Tanganyika nine months ago, recalled Corpsman Eugene Schrieber, 23, an engineer from University City, Mo., "a mere sign on a golf course fairway startled us into the realization that at long last we really made it." Planted near the jungle rough, the sign said: BEWARE OF LIONS.

Since then, the 35 corpsmen have become accustomed to lions, rhinos and other wild life while working with native trainees on a three-year, \$67 million road-building program. Geologist Allen Tamura, 23, from Pasadena, Calif., has also become an honorary blood brother in the nomadic Wagogo tribe for saving the life of a pregnant tribeswoman by rushing her in his truck over pitted jungle roads to a doctor 30 miles away. Said Tanganyikan Gabriel Bakari, assistant to a surveying team: "I can mix with the Peace Corpsmen in a way I never could before with white men and Asians. The Americans do not consider themselves superior to the Africans. They are extraordinary people."

This week, as Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver sent a massive report to the President on the first year of field operations, echoes of such praise are heard round the world. Even anti-Western Ghana has asked for more Peace Corpsmen. At home, the Corps has won approval from the initially-skeptical U.S. Congress, which has agreed to double the first-year budget of \$30 million. More than 1,000 members (one-third of them women) are now at work in 15 countries, and by the end of next month, 3,100 others will be in training for jobs in 22 other nations. Says Historian Arnold Toynbee: "In the Peace Corps volunteer, non-Westerners are getting an example of Western man at his best."

Muddy Shoes. Most countries that invited the Peace Corps asked for school-teachers and instructors to train their own people in such trades as carpentry, plumbing, home economics, nursing. In the vil-



VOLUNTEER & CHARGES AT "CAMP BROTHERHOOD"

lage of Rio Negro in southern Chile, Janet Hoegli, 22, from Austin, Texas, shares a small house with two Chilean girls, teaches women how to use a sewing machine, knit, mix powdered milk, clean beer bottles to use for babies' formulas. Chilean volunteers have organized communities of 20-30 houses, called *centros*. They raise money to buy sewing machines and other needed equipment by organizing fiestas and raffles. "What's important," writes Volunteer Hoegli, "is that we have shown that gringos don't mind getting their shoes muddy and their hands dirty."

In Buenaventura Valley, Colombia William F. Woudenberg, 32, a draftsman from Paterson, N.J., developed a loom to make forms for concrete out of plentiful bamboo instead of hard-to-find wood or expensive steel. In the East Pakistan village of Comilla, another inventive corpsman Robert Taylor, 24, from Oakdale, Calif., solved the problem of parboiling rice without using scarce wood; he uses rice husks instead, does the job ten times faster. Stephen L. Keller, 24, from Brooklyn, New York, watched a worker in a Punjab bicycle factory count 6,800 ball bearings one by one, built a ball-bearing counter that dispenses ten at a time.

Winning Esteem. Such small, practical accomplishments are hardly the answer to the massive problems faced by the new nations; nor will the Peace Corps solve the U.S. foreign policy difficulties with many of the staunchly neutralist host countries. Nevertheless, in its limited but significant way, the Peace Corps experiment is a laboratory for freedom through self-help. A big part of its meaning lies in the way the volunteers are winning the esteem of local populations. On the Carib-



CORPSMAN PITTS (RIGHT) AT PLAY
Kipling would have approved.

bean island of St. Lucia, 15 volunteers are affectionately known as the Peace Cops. Pisco (a Latin brandy), Peace Core and Peace Corks. Whatever name they go by, the young men and women are making themselves popular.

In Malaya, where foreigners usually ride trishaws or drive cars, volunteers all ride bicycles, earning a local nickname as "the pedaling Americans." As a rule, they are paid allowances roughly the same as the salary of a local member of the same profession (e.g., \$52 a month for a teacher in the Philippines), plus \$75 a month that is banked for them in Washington. Corpsmen are briefed intensively on national customs. In Accra's Lido nightclub, two volunteers proudly won second place in a Ghanaian High Life dance contest. In Bangkok, Corpsman Robert Pitts, 25, from Red Bank, N.J., trained for three weeks, fought a Thai-style boxing match (using hands and feet) to a spectacular draw. Not all such off-hour activities are fun and games. Corpsmen in Lyallpur, West Pakistan, adopted a group of 44 lepers living in a run-down Hindu temple on a barren strip of land ten miles out of town, regularly bicycle the distance to carry food and clothing to them after the day's work.

Mail Home. In the Philippines, with the largest group of volunteers (270, to be increased by 400 more by the end

in 1960, while the Philippines were fighting the U.S. Rudyard Kipling, that much derided bard of empire, had formed his own Victorian vision of the Peace Corps. It bears repeating: despite the fact that it is now widely certified as insensitive cunts.

Take up the White Man's burden

In faraway countries

To set the threat at naught

And check the show of pride,

By open speech and simple

An hundred times made plain,

To seek another's profit

And work another's gain

of the year), U.S. teachers' aides found themselves with nothing to do during the summer vacation, organized 52 extracurricular projects ranging from a production of *The King and I* to working with maladjusted children. The most spectacular project was the launching of a summer camp for 600 young boys, the first free camp in the country, in the province of Negro Occidental, on the slopes of an extinct volcano.

Since the unfortunate episode of Margery Michelmores's intercepted postcard from Nigeria last year, no other embarrassments have been reported from abroad. Papa Shriver's young family (the average age is 26), but five are older than 60) has had its share of milestones: one baby has been born to a Peace Corps couple (Nigeria), there have been 17 marriages in nine countries, and three corpses have died. David L. Crozier, 23, from West Plains, Mo., one of the two volunteers killed in a Colombia airplane crash, left the Peace Corps with what could well serve as its credo. Wrote Crozier to his parents during the early days of his work with Colombian peasants as a builder-farmer-teacher: "Should it come to it, I had rather give my life trying to help someone than to have to give my life looking down a gun barrel at them."

ITALY

Ave, Caesar

Latest joke circulating among Italy's American colony: adapting the name of a celebrated Manhattan eating place, Rome is about to launch a new restaurant called the Forum of the Twelve Kennedys.

RUSSIA

The Bristle Gap

In addition to all its other troubles, the Soviet Union is losing the battle against tooth decay. "It's always the same story," moaned Georgy Gladkov, chief of the State Distribution Trust responsible for toilet articles, "brushes, brushes, brushes, they keep asking for. But we don't even have stocks to meet one-tenth of the demand. Just try and divide a few thousand toothbrushes among all the cities of the Soviet Union."

Until about four years ago, toothbrushes were plentiful—so plentiful that the State Planning Commission decided there were too many. In 1959 the country's biggest toothbrush plant, in Moscow, cut back annual production from 15 million to 6,000,000, retrofitted to make artificial flowers and plastic toys. Toothbrush production in the Ukraine all but stopped.

Planners discovered their mistake early last year when toothbrush stockpiles fell dangerously low. Hastily, they set a production goal of 48 million toothbrushes for 1962, but new troubles arose that will reduce output to about half the quota. Inefficient meat-packing plants were blamed for tossing out the hog bristles from which Russian toothbrushes are made. Also, there is a shortage of molds for plastic handles. In many factories, han-



RUSSIAN CHILD CLEANING TEETH (1957)
He can't brush after every meal.

dles are whittled one by one, while half the plastic block drops to the floor as useless shavings.

The obvious solution to the shortage is ideologically sound but unsanitary: communize privately held toothbrushes.

JAPAN

Vote of Confidence

Two years ago, Japan's pink-tinted, left-wing opposition parties whipped the country into a froth with their shrill charges that the conservative Liberal-Democratic government was "slavishly" dependent on U.S. "imperialism." With anti-U.S. mobs snake-dancing through Tokyo's streets, the embarrassed Japanese government was forced to cancel Dwight Eisenhower's scheduled state visit to Japan. But the rioting and the increasing coyness of Japanese Socialists with the Chinese Communists sobered Japan. Last week, in elections to the upper house of the Japanese Diet, Premier Hayato Ikeda's Liberal Democrats won a resounding vote of confidence.

Major issue of the campaign was not foreign policy, but the mild recession that had temporarily slowed down Japan's dizzying industrial growth (21.5% increase in the gross national product in 1961). But the 38 million voters who went to the polls seemed undisturbed by the accusations of the Socialists that Ikeda had mismanaged the economy. The Liberal Democrats picked up five new seats to give them 142 in the upper chamber, while the Socialists were able to round up only one, for a total of 66.

The most striking feature of the elections was the relative strength exhibited by women candidates and by the Soka Gakkai (Value Creation Society). Largest individual vote-getters were Mrs. Aki Fujiwara, ex-wife of Japan's great opera singer and a panelist on the TV quiz show (*What's My Secret?*), and Mrs. Shizue

Kato, who spearheaded Japan's anti-prostitution drive several years ago.

As for Soka Gakkai, it is a right-wing Buddhist lay organization run along military lines (ten families constitute a squad, six squads a company), whose main support comes from Japan's poor and rootless. Preaching that politics is part of the business of saving souls, Soka Gakkai hopes to become Japan's national religion. The organization picked up nine new seats in the upper house, raising its membership to 15, third largest party after the government's Liberal Democrats and the Socialists. This significant but modest gain should put considerable demands on Soka Gakkai's self-help formula: by chanting the magic words, "*Namu Myoho Rengekyo* [I devote myself to the Scripture of the Lotus of the Wonderful Law]," a believer is supposed to overcome sickness, poverty, and practically any other obstacle.

LAOS

The Double Standard

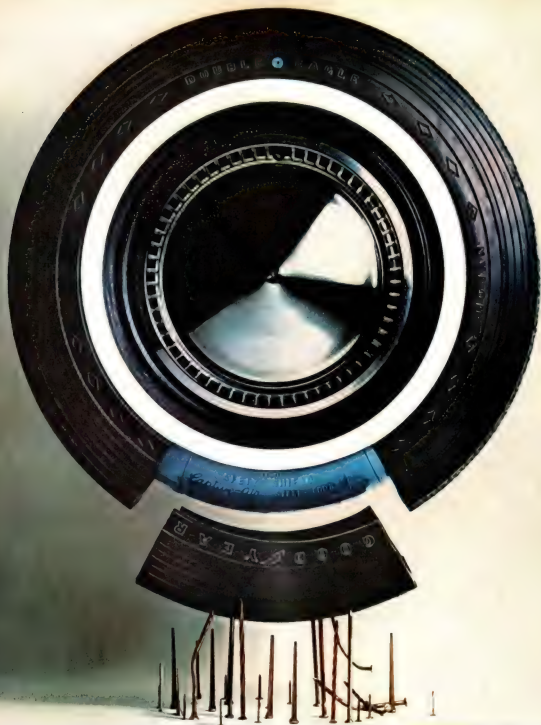
Military men have long complained that Laotian soldiers will not fight. Political scientists have been exasperated by the Laotians' lighthearted attempts to govern themselves and by their queer habit of having two capitals, a political one at Vientiane and a royal one at Luangprabang. Last week it was the turn of diplomats to be amazed by the Laotians—and to discover that the two-capital system has some spectacular advantages.

While in Geneva, the international conference on Laos tried to work out a formal agreement on Laotian neutrality, the new coalition Cabinet of neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma blandly announced that it planned to recognize practically all the divided countries under the sun: North and South Viet Nam, East and West Germany, Red China as well as Nationalist China. When stunned newsmen pointed out that the rules of diplomacy require that one or the other of the split nations, or neither, be recognized, acting Foreign Minister Pheng Phongsavan professed amazement. "If they accept the laws of Laos, there will be no trouble," he declared, and added that, happily, the rival missions need not even see each other, since one could go "to Luangprabang and the other to Vientiane."

CEYLON

To Find Forgiveness

In Colombo last week, a Buddhist monk and herbalist named Taldewe Somarama mounted a prison scandal and was hanged. Somarama's crime: the 1959 assassination of Ceylon's Prime Minister Solomon W. R. D. Bandaranaike. In a confession he later retracted, Somarama said he committed the deed because the Prime Minister favored Western medical techniques over Oriental herb medicine. Prison officials reported that 24 hours before he was hanged, Somarama had himself baptized a Christian so that he could ask God for the forgiveness of sin that cannot be found in the Buddhist religion.



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REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO





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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Doctors on Strike

Some strikes no one wins, and a doctors' strike is plainly one of them. Last week, refusing to practice under a socialized medical insurance plan enacted by the Saskatchewan legislature, two-thirds of the province's 900 doctors locked up their offices and went off on vacation. Rather than bow to the government, the doctors gave free emergency care at 34 hospitals but left behind only one practicing physician for every 3,000 citizens.

The shock of not having the family doctor at the other end of the telephone was abruptly brought home on the first day of the strike. When Mrs. Vicky Derhousoff put her nine-month-old son Carl to bed in their home at Usherville, he was running a fever. Next morning the fever was higher. Peter Derhousoff tried to phone the doctors in nearby Preeceville, was told that both were on vacation. A nurse at the Preeceville Hospital told him

No one could say that the baby could have been saved had there been a doctor; a preliminary report showed he had meningitis of a virulent sort. But that did not ease the parents' anguish. "I blame the government," said Mrs. Derhousoff.

Just Like War. Across Saskatchewan, 79 hospitals were left without doctors, and closed for all but first aid during the first two days of the strike. Typical was Nokomis Union Hospital, where patients were told they would have to be discharged. A housewife, Mrs. Al Nagy, found the scene "just like a war. People were standing in groups on all the street corners, talking about it, trying to think of something they could do."

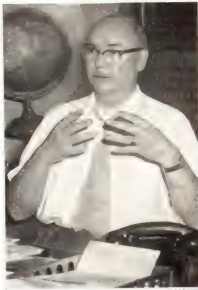
The Saskatchewan plan to which the doctors objected was fathered by former Premier T. C. ("Tommy") Douglas, who, as leader of Canada's only Socialist provincial government for 17 years until last year, pioneered the continent's most far-reaching public health services. In 1946, Douglas inaugurated medical care for 50,000 of Saskatchewan's 925,000 people. The following year, the Douglas government launched Canada's first province-wide hospital insurance plan. The new medicare act is the capstone of Douglas's planning. A country cousin of Britain's NHS, it provides province-wide compulsory insurance covering payments for all medical, surgical and specialist treatment. Unlike the British plan, it does not cover dentistry, glasses or drugs. The cost, \$22 million a year, is to be met by annual premiums (\$12 for single people, \$24 for families), and by increasing sales and income taxes.

The act set up a commission, appointed by the government, and gave it the right to prescribe "the terms and conditions on which physicians and other persons may provide insured services for beneficiaries."

The act required that all doctors conform to the plan, accept a schedule of fees fixed by the government, and not engage in any private practice on the side.

Doctors United. Saskatchewan's College of Physicians and Surgeons denounced the plan as "peacetime conscription," saw in the act "an ingenious method of controlling doctors and the practice of medicine in a political, economic and legislative sense." So fiercely did they oppose the plan that when Douglas resigned to lead Canada's New Democratic Party last November, his successor, Premier Woodrow Stanley Lloyd, postponed its scheduled start, offered to tone down the administrative commission's powers, and to allow doctors to practice outside the plan. The doctors found the act still "unacceptable."

In the U.S., Dr. J. Bruce Henriksen, who is leading a group of New Jersey doctors against President Kennedy's medicare, applauded the prairie doctors' "fine example." But in both Canada and the U.S., many questioned the doctors' tac-



PREMIER LLOYD

Retreat to the unacceptable.

tics. In Boston, Dr. Richard Ford, associate clinical professor of legal medicine at Harvard, volunteered to fly to Saskatchewan to investigate any deaths "that may be related to professional negligence by delinquent physicians." Dr. Gerhard T. Beck, 53, left his yacht in Jacksonville, Fla., and flew to Regina to help, declaring: "It is not our professional prerogative to desert our patients."

In the strike's first six days, the doctors and government communicated mainly by trading angry press communiqués. Dr. Harold Dalgleish, president of the Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons, demanded that the act "be withdrawn while doctors are still available who are not fully committed to leave Saskatchewan." But at week's end the doctors had not softened their tone, nor had Premier Lloyd. Said the premier: "This is no longer just a matter of medical care service. It is now an outright challenge to the procedures of constitutional government. If one can envisage this spreading to other groups, then one has a situation of anarchy."

BRAZIL

The Headless Government

Until last week, Brazil had been able to get through ten months of acute political crisis—ever since Jânio Quadros deserted the presidency—without much actual disorder. But then her luck ran out. Last week the country suffered its bloodiest outburst of violence in 27 years.

The fighting started during a 24-hour general strike called by labor leaders in support of President João ("Jango") Goulart, who for three weeks has been engaged in a bitter power struggle with Brazil's Congress. In the town of Duque de Caxias, an industrial suburb ten miles from Rio, workers milled in the streets



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UNDER
THE SASKATCHEWAN MEDICAL CARE
INSURANCE ACT

PRESIDENT DALGLEISH

Refusal to be socialized.

to take the baby to Yorkton, 91 miles away. On the road, says Derhousoff, "I began to realize it was a race with death." Three miles from Yorkton, the baby went limp in his mother's arms. Derhousoff tried mouth-to-mouth breathing, but the baby was dead on arrival at the hospital.



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AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

demonstrating against shortages of rice, beans and other staples. A jittery guard fired two shots, one of them hitting a small child. The crowd turned berserk, beat the guard to death, and for two days mobs sacked the town, looting stores and attacking merchants. Before the rioting was over, 42 were killed, 700 wounded.

Roadblocks Everywhere. As nothing else, the sudden anarchy brought home to Brazilians the peril of their patchwork political regime. Because the army and conservative Brazilians considered Goulart a dangerous leftist, he was not allowed to succeed Quadros in the presidency until a parliamentary system was hurriedly devised to confine his powers. The confining proved so effective that neither Goulart nor Tancredo Neves, the Prime Minister with whom he shared office, could get anything done. When they did agree, conservatives in Congress blocked virtually every badly needed reform bill Goulart's government proposed.

In the months since, Goulart has worked hard to prove his moderation and win the conservatives' confidence. When Neves recently resigned to run for the Senate, Goulart wanted to pick a man of his own leftist convictions as Prime Minister. But conservatives in Congress feared that this would destroy the balance of power, and so rejected Goulart's first choice, Foreign Minister San Thiago Dantas.

For his next choice, Goulart shrewdly reached over into the conservative party of ex-President Juscelino Kubitschek, who will be eligible for the presidency himself in the 1965 election and obviously wants to see full presidential powers restored. Goulart picked Kubitschek's man, Auro de Moura Andrade, the president of the Senate, and apparently counted on him to ask Congress for a national plebiscite to do away with the unworkable parliamentary system.

Not in Name Only. Appearing before the Chamber of Deputies to be confirmed (as he was by a vote of 222 to 51), Andrade said he had no right to propose a plebiscite. Furthermore, he did not intend "to become the chief of government in name only." For 36 hours, he and Goulart haggled over the choice of a Cabinet. At last Andrade gave up and agreed to a Cabinet of Goulart's liking—all except the Navy Minister. Goulart would not budge. Andrade could only resign.

At this moment came the general strike that was only supposed to show labor's support of Goulart but got out of hand. The awareness of how close Brazil was to violence seemed to have shocked the nation into realizing how unworkable the share-the-power parliamentary system has proved. At week's end, Goulart asked the Supreme Electoral Tribunal for a plebiscite within 30 days to restore the powers of the President. The country's military brass now gave Goulart their blessing, and it seemed likely that the voters would do the same. Said Rio's respected *Jornal do Brasil*: "The head must come back to its place. A true power must occupy the vacuum which now exists."

PEOPLE



ASTRONAUTS CARPENTER, COOPER, GLENN, GRISSOM, SCHIRRA, SHEPARD & SLAYTON IN HOUSTON "Howdy," down there.

Into Houston to visit the new, \$90-million Manned Spacecraft Center that will be their headquarters by 1964 wheeled the seven Mercury astronauts. By way of welcome, 150,000 Texans lined a 1½-mile route as the seven—John Glenn, Scott Carpenter, Walter Schirra, Alan Shepard, Virgil Grissom, Leroy Cooper and Donald Slayton—drove by with their families. To Walt Schirra, hundreds held up six fingers for the number of orbits he is to make in the next U.S. space flight. The parade led to the Sam Houston Coliseum for a neighborhood cookout at which 1,500 chickens, 2,000 lbs. of spareribs, 3,000 lbs. of beef were served up to 6,000 Space Center workers and their families. As the astronauts were given the traditional Texas totems—a ten-gallon sombrero and a gold reserve sheriff's badge—Ohio-born John Glenn got into the spirit of things by greeting people, "Howdy, podnuh."

Bound for Yale's Law School as a visiting lecturer is Child Psychoanalyst Anna Freud, 67, the only one of Sigmund Freud's six children to achieve eminence in the field he pioneered. Freud's youngest daughter and his favorite child, diminutive Vienna-trained Anna was constantly with him during the last, cancer-ravaged years of his life, has directed London's Hampstead Child Therapy Clinic since 1938. At Yale, she will do research on family life and law and participate in seminars with select scholars during the spring terms of 1963 and 1964.

As out-of-town tryouts go, it was way, way out. By coastal steamer, narrow-gauge railway and bus. Comedian Bert Lahr, 66, and a Broadway cast trekking up to Dawson City in the Yukon—4,700 miles from the Great White Way—for an eight-week run of Fox's a Gold Rush version of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. The musical comedy, timed to premiere with the beginning of Dawson City's Gold Rush Festival, launched the event with a splash. At the Palace Grand Theater, where Douglas Fairbanks Sr. once played to Klondike soundbuds, British Comedienne Bea Lillie officially opened the festival, later joined an 18-carat audience to

give the troupe a wild standing ovation. "It was tremendous," said Lahr. But the critics thought that the nugget needed some polishing. Said the Chicago *Sun-Times*, which sent a Canadian-born reporter up to cover the event: "It might be fool's gold for Broadway purposes."

When Rembrandt's *St. Bartholomew* was sold at Sotheby's fortnight ago for \$532,000—fifth highest auction price ever paid for a painting—the buyer was Agnew's, a London art firm. But Agnew's was merely acting for Oilman J. Paul Getty, 69, who let it slip last week that he now had the masterpiece hanging in his Sutton Place mansion outside London.

In Denmark for a five-day visit, Richard Nixon squired Pat through Copenhagen's dazzling Tivoli Gardens, careened around in a "dodgem" car there, and toured Hamlet's Kronborg Castle in Elsinore. Then he headed up to Rebild National Park in Jutland to keynote the annual Independence Day Festival there. Speaking before an audience of 40,000 in Rebild's natural amphitheater, the former Vice President drew cheers with an appeal

for strength and unity in the face of Communism. Scarcely had he finished speaking than tragedy struck one of the men who shared the platform with him. Soft-spoken, white-haired Henry R. Henius, 78, son of Dr. Max Henius, a Danish-born biochemist who founded the festival in 1912 to promote Danish-U.S. friendship, gripped the hand of a bishop's wife near him, gasped "Goodbye," and pitched forward. Within minutes he was dead of a heart attack.

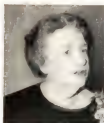
"Ah, a new jazz fan. I believe," grinned touring Bandleader Benny Goodman, as he shook hands with another guest at the U.S. Embassy's Fourth of July reception in Moscow. But Benny dug the wrong cat. Arching his back, Nikita Khrushchev replied: "No, I don't like Goodman music. I like good music." All jazz started off "boo-boo-boo-boo-boo," complained the Soviet Premier, setting it to his own clapping time by dancing a jig on the front lawn of Spaso House, Russian or American, it was all Chinese to him, and so was that other whatchamacallit, abstract art. Amateur Painter Dwight Eisenhower once told him that modern art "makes me sick to the stomach," and Nikita bobbed his head approvingly: "It's the same with me."

In *Show* magazine, seamed old Storyteller W. Somerset Maugham, 88, broke a long silence on his only marriage—an eleven-year affair with Interior Decorator Syrie Wellcome. As Maugham tells it in *Looking Back*, it was a painful episode. Married in New Jersey in 1916 after a two-year love affair—and a year after Syrie bore him a girl, their only child—they hit it off miserably. He found marriage a kind of human bondage, soon was demanding the right "to go and come when I liked." She took two lovers—"I knew them both and had a very poor opinion of either," sniffed Maugham—and eventually got a French divorce in 1927. Maugham saw her only a few more times before she died in 1955 at 76, but lately he has been hearing from his daughter Elizabeth. Two months ago, she sued him for \$648,000 for selling nine paintings that she claimed belonged to her.



THE NIXONS AT TIVOLI "Goodbye," said a friend.

EDUCATION



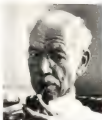
ENGLISH SCHOLAR
NICOLSON



ECCLESIOLOGIST
BAINTON



PHILOSOPHER
NORTHROP



BIOLOGIST
STURTEVANT



PHILOSOPHER
DEMOS



PSYCHOLOGIST
MURRAY



HUMANIST
JONES



ARTIST
SAMPLE

Lost Leaders

Each year U.S. universities invoke the iron rule of retirement to uproot dead-wood professors. In this proper process, some rare and ageless men are always lost—activists who spurned ivory towers, scholars who truly enlarged human understanding, professors who really professed. This year is no exception. Among the giants who have become emeriti are many who seem almost irreplaceable.

Common to all of them is deep devotion to the goal set by that gentle needler, **Raphael Demos**, 70, holder of Harvard's imposing Alford professorship of natural religion, moral philosophy and civil polity (one predecessor: Josiah Royce). The goal: to plumb "who we are, what we know, and how we know it." A Greek immigrant who worked his way through Harvard as janitor of the *Lampoon* building, Christian Platonist (*The Philosophy of Plato*) Demos rolled Cambridge with Socratic questioning for 45 years. The aim of education, he argued, after Socrates, is to become more human by learning "the depths of one's ignorance." Demos abhorred specialization, the cult of knowing more about less.

Philosopher Demos was a great questioner, but good ones abound in all fields. One such is the University of Chicago's Vienna-born **Friedrich Hayek**, 63, professor of social and moral science, a noted traditionalist whose "radical" theories first drew national attention in a 1944 best-seller, *The Road to Serfdom*, and later in *The Constitution of Liberty* (1960). Now returning to Austria to teach, Hayek was a burr under many a U.S. intellectual saddle. Almost alone, he argued that welfare-state planning, however well intentioned, inevitably leads to expediency, coercion and loss of liberty.

Also departing are some great synthesizers, for example, Harvard's protean **Henry A. Murray**, 69, professor of clinical

psychology, who spent four decades probing human personality from every conceivable angle. A Groton graduate and captain of the Harvard crew ('15), Murray went on to become a Manhattan surgeon, a Rockefeller Institute embryologist, a Cambridge University Ph.D. (biochemistry), a personal student of Psychiatrist Carl Jung. He ran the Harvard Psychological Clinic, designed the personality-assessing Thematic Apperception Test, won a Legion of Merit medal for his work in the wartime OSS, and conducted impeccable personal research into everything from fear, fantasy and humor to religion, myths and Melville's novels.

Murray, who will go on researching despite retirement, once proposed a vast "new testament" synthesizing Eastern and Western wisdom. Yale's famed Philosopher **F.S.C. Northrop**, 68, argued similar ideas in his monumental *The Meeting of East and West* (1946), the work of a man equally at home in law, science, sociology, diplomacy and anthropology. Yale has rarely seen the likes of Northrop, a brilliant Wisconsinite who studied at Harvard and Cambridge, became a protégé of Alfred North Whitehead. The first master of Yale's Silliman College, Northrop quit that in 1947 for fulltime scholarship on both the law and philosophy faculties. He preferred immersion in such subjects as Mexican culture, quantum physics and relativity (he was an intimate of Einstein's) as preludes to informed philosophical analysis. From all this, Northrop, who will soon head an anthropology symposium in Austria, concluded that synthesis is possible in all human affairs—if men will only try.

At many campuses, the most painful losses were blessed not only with brains but also with a warm human touch. Dartmouth's outdoor-loving **Paul Sample**, 65, one of the first U.S. artists-in-residence, was fittingly no abstractionist, but a celebrator of human figures in the Bruegel tradition. Once the heavyweight boxing champion of Dartmouth ('21), where he "slept through" an art appreciation course, Sample went on to paint prizefighters. New England landscapes and memorable watercolors of the U.S. Navy in World War II. **Marjorie Hope Nicolson**, chairman of Columbia University's English department, had an equal humanity. Refreshingly unfeminist, Miss Nicolson was longtime dean of Smith College, and



ZOOLOGIST
EMERSON



ECONOMIST
HAVEK

a formidable Yale-and-Michigan-educated scholar who endlessly illustrated how science inspired 17th and 18th century poetry and philosophy. Her honors were staggering. She was the first woman president of Phi Beta Kappa (1940), and the only person ever elected to the office for a second term.

Yale's English-born **Roland H. Bainton**, 68, a Congregationalist minister and professor of church history, was once described as "part Puck, part St. Francis, with a mixture of Erasmus." A caricaturist who likes to whip off sketches of Reinhold Niebuhr or Paul Tillich, he is also an indefatigable bicyclist whose latest two-wheeler boasts 18 gears. Few other Yale divines have done so much to spread the word in human tones. In 42 years at Yale, Bainton published 19 books (total sales: 1,500,000), notably *Church of Our Fathers* and *Here I Stand*, probably the most readable biography of Martin Luther in English.

Dramatizing the best of the past—the American past—was the achievement of crisp, eloquent **Howard Mumford Jones**, 70, Harvard's Abbott Lawrence Lowell professor of the humanities. A former president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Jones spoke out sharply against McCarthyism in the 1950s. It was a patriot's protest: few scholars are so enamored of U.S. ideals. Author Jones (*The Pursuit of Happiness*), who will lecture at M.I.T. this fall, is convinced that "Americanists" have one of the toughest fields around—a thicket of North American lore, its European roots and all of South America as well. It is "not a discipline for the C mind."

Humanist Jones bemoans the disproportionate cash lavished on science research these days, but concern for the human was equally strong and perhaps more so among his retiring scientific colleagues. Example: Caltech's eminent Biologist **Alfred H. Sturtevant**, 70, whose 1913 tech-

nique for "mapping" chromosomes made him a granddaddy of genetics. When the AEC argued in 1955 that fallout from H-bomb tests was harmless, Sturtevant bristled. "It is inexcusable to state that no hazard exists," he retorted.

The most esoteric scientist, in fact, can be a humanist at the terminus of his work. Zoologist **Alfred E. Emerson**, 65, leaves the University of Chicago as a world authority on the social behavior of insects and the proud owner of the world's biggest collection of termites—250,000, which he keeps in jars in his office. What has Emerson learned? That cooperation, not competition, is the main way that termites survive. And humans? That undarwinian possibility alone is enough to make anyone wonder how the University of Chicago can possibly retire Emerson until he finds out a lot more.

Down with Fraternities

At well-bred Williams College, freshmen once studied fraternity bids a lot harder than books. But last week Williams (1,134 men) was out to stop the Greeks. A little pamphlet mailed to all the "Williams family" squarely stated the problem: "Fraternities at Williams have come to exercise a disproportionate role in undergraduate life." It urged Williams to take "complete responsibility" for feeding and housing students. This would cut the fraternities off at the knees.

A product of eight months' study by a committee of nine alumni and two seniors, the report wheeled up a potent weapon of attack: money. Last year 94% of the school's 830 upperclassmen ate in the fraternity houses, and nearly half lived there as well. This brought in some \$500,000 to run Williams' 15 stately houses. By slashing that income, the college would reduce fraternities to little more than social clubs.

The committee aimed at just that. For

years, Williams has tried to reform fraternities with piecemeal measures. The college cut out freshman rushing, worked to eliminate racial discrimination clauses, launched a "total opportunity" system giving every student a crack at some fraternity. But none of this, said the committee, cured the "inherent defect" of "the abdication by the College of part of its own responsibility."

The committee wants the college to set up its own houses and eating halls among the lovely, shaded streets of Williamstown, Mass. It cannily figures that many of the fraternities will be forced either to sell or rent their \$100,000 houses to the college. The aim: "A campus where education, in its broadest sense, would take place everywhere and at all times."

At week's end Williams braced for angry alumni protest. But first reactions were encouragingly mild. For it turned out that many a Williams graduate agreed that reform was needed. Said one old grad, who had planned on another college for his son: "Now I think I'll change my mind."

The Union Game

Nothing in recent memory has so shaken the 812,000-member National Education Association as the recent teachers' strike in New York City. The walkout was blunt warning of the new strength of N.E.A.'s rival, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. American Federation of Teachers, which today has 80,000 members and is growing fast in the big cities.

Last week the irksome competition of the teachers' union was the hottest item on the agenda at the annual N.E.A. convention in Denver. Charged Executive Secretary William G. Carr: "Forces of significant scope and power are considering measures which could destroy the association."

Carr was alluding to Big Labor money, which now has entered the fray. A half-million dollars from the Auto Workers and other unions went into the organization campaign among the New York teachers, he claimed, arguing that labor is now trying to make up for declining blue-collar membership by taking in white-collar teachers, who otherwise might stick with the "professional" N.E.A. A.F.L.-C.I.O. Vice President James B. Carey was shouted down by the delegates in Denver before he could reach a key retort in his speech to the convention: "Teachers are welcoming unionism as a wave of the future. The N.E.A. should, too, or it will find that it has been left behind as history marches past."

This kind of prodding induced the delegates to approve two significant new tactics against unions. Resolved: N.E.A. groups should fight for the mandatory legal right to negotiate with school boards for pay and working conditions—in effect, for a closed shop. And though N.E.A. is against teachers' strikes, it will now attempt "sanctions" against recalcitrant school districts, meaning teacher boycotts. Thus the union is fast pushing N.E.A. into playing the union game itself.

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SCIENCE

Window on Mystery

As atom smashers have grown larger and more powerful, the subatomic particles that scientists have been able to find have grown stranger and more elusive. Still, it hardly seemed probable that anyone would ever discover another bit of matter quite so peculiar as the neutrino, first detected near a nuclear reactor in 1956. So light that it weighs nothing at all, the neutrino is free of electric charge and

protons up to the energy of 33 billion electron-volts, bounce them off targets and produce all sorts of atomic debris—including neutrinos. Physicists figured that any new type neutrinos created by this monstrous slingshot should have as much as 1 billion volts of energy. They would not be nearly so numerous as the neutrinos flooding out of a nuclear reactor, but their high energy should allow them many more ways of interacting with matter; as a result they would be more easily detectable.

The team that laid out the momentous experiment was led by Columbia Professors Leon Lederman, Melvin Schwartz and Jack Steinberger, and helped by Brookhaven scientists in charge of the synchrotron. First step was to shoot the machine's high-energy protons at a beryllium target and produce an intense beam of pions—which decay rapidly into muons, neutrinos (perhaps the new type), and other nuclear odds and ends. After shooting across some 70 ft., this beam of mixed particles hit a shield of battleship armor 42 ft. thick that stopped everything but the neutrinos, which sailed on unheeding.

On the other side of the shield the neutrinos entered a 10-ton spark chamber made of inch-thick plates of aluminum separated by half-inch gaps filled with neon gas. When particles carrying an electric charge pass through the chamber, they show their tracks as vivid pink lines drawn by electricity jumping from plate to plate through the neon. Neutrinos would have no charge and could not be expected to leave tracks, but there was a good chance that a few of them would crash into nuclei of aluminum atoms and create particles with track-making electric charges. If some of the neutrinos created high-energy electrons, this would prove them to be the older type, which always associates with electrons. But if they created muons only, they would have to be a new type associated with muons.

Cosmic Alarms. After setting up their massive apparatus, the neutrino hunters waited anxiously. They knew that the spark chamber was protected against false alarms caused by cosmic rays striking down from space, and they knew that a dense beam of neutrinos was passing through it. What they did not know was whether the neutrinos were a new kind, or even if they were, whether they would interact with the aluminum and make telltale tracks.

The apparatus worked almost exactly as far-out theory predicted. Several times a day, an automatic camera changed its film after recording an "event" inside the chamber. After 600 hours of intermittent operation, during which 100 trillion neutrinos passed through the chamber, more than 50 events were photographed. And 29 of the films showed the long, straight tracks of muons created by invisible neutrinos. None showed the diverging "shower" track of a high-energy electron. To the scientists, this was conclusive proof that

the neutrinos entering the chamber were not the ordinary, electron-frequenting type. They were a brand-new variety that associates only with muons.

The big spark chamber is now being dismantled for storage, and the Brookhaven synchrotron will soon turn to other work. But the scientific interest in neutrinos is only beginning. Experiments now being planned in the U.S. and Europe will try to discover details about the new neutrinos—besides the bare fact that they exist—and will watch out for other neutrinos still undiscovered. The new particles, which have not yet been officially named, promise to point the way to important discoveries. Their study may reveal the basic forces that make energy, the equivalent of matter, shape itself into the 30-odd different particles that comprise the material universe.

Making Milk Safer

Homogenized, pasteurized, refrigerated, U.S. milk is an eminently safe beverage. But U.S. laboratories are hard at work trying to make it even safer. In a cold war world, scientists must somehow learn how to extract the radioactive strontium go that is showered down on pasture grass from atmospheric nuclear tests. At present, U.S. cows do not take in enough strontium to make their milk dangerous, but testing may well continue; the problem may well get worse.

One promising solution makes use of ion exchange resins, bits of plasticlike material with metallic atoms built into their molecules. This material can be made to release certain elements in exchange for others. So when milk that has been slightly acidified with citric acid passes through the resin, it loses most of its strontium and picks up a little extra sodium or calcium. A process using this principle was developed by scientists of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, cap-



SCHWARTZ & SPARK CHAMBER
Still more to hunt.

can pass through the heaviest materials as if it were hurtling through empty space. But last week, a team of Columbia University physicists did the improbable: using 5,000 tons of battleship armor along with the most powerful atom cracker yet built, they found another variety of neutrino. Around the world, great laboratories are already planning experiments to exploit the tiny new window opening on the unknown.

Guilty Particles. Hardly had the neutrino become established as a real particle when physicists noticed that pi mesons (middle-weight particles, also called pions, that are created by powerful atom smashers) disintegrate into slightly lighter mu mesons (muons) while an unseen particle carries away part of their energy. At first the physicists assumed that ordinary neutrinos were the guilty particles. Then they began to have their doubts. Maybe another kind of neutrino was stealing the pion's energy. But it had been hard enough to trap regular neutrinos; how were scientists to locate and study an even more evasive particle?

They found their answer in the enormous alternating gradient synchrotron at Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island. That mighty machine can spin



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tures 98% of the strontium, but it costs nearly 10¢ per quart—more than most dairy farmers get for their milk.

A cheaper process developed by Chemistry Professor Harry P. Gregor of Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn uses thin plastic membranes containing submicroscopic pores that permit the passage of small atoms with positive electric charges. Milk is made to flow along one side of a membrane; on the other side is a solution of such salts as calcium and sodium chlorides that are naturally present in milk. If the milk contains strontium 90 atoms, they pick up positive electric charges from a current flowing through the solution. Then they slip through the membrane and lose themselves in the harmless salts. Dr. Gregor thinks that his process can extract 90% of the strontium 90 from milk at the cost of about 1¢ per quart. Annual cost of keeping U.S. milk reasonably safe: \$230 million.

Strontium 90, however, is not the only kind of radioactive fallout that can get into milk; iodine 131 can become a problem too. But its threat does not justify the scare advertisement (showing a bottle of milk with a death's-head label) that the National Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy ran last week in the New York Times.

While strontium 90 is long-lasting (half life: 28 years), the half life of iodine 131 is only eight days. If the iodine 131 level in milk ever rises above the danger point, the prescription will be simple: stop drinking fresh milk for a couple of weeks. No one need go hungry. Most other foods will be free of iodine 131; they will have been stored long enough to let its activity fall to the vanishing point.

Victory on the Lakes

The bitter battle of the Great Lakes has been going on for 40 years, and for 40 years, from Erie to Superior, an ugly, blood-sucking monster has been winning. Chief losers have been the splendid lake trout—even though man himself has been their ally. But now news has come at last that the monsters are being beaten: a subtle chemical, cleverly used, has almost cleared Lake Superior of the invading fish-killing sea lamprey.

In its native ocean the sea lamprey is not particularly numerous, but ever since it appeared in Lake Erie in 1921, having worked its way up the Welland Canal past Niagara Falls, the repulsive eel-like creature has been swarming in the lakes. With its round, suckerlike mouth lined with concentric rows of small, sharp teeth, it makes its living by attaching itself to the side of an unlucky fish. Its teeth rasp a hole; its powerful saliva corrodes the fish's flesh and keeps its blood flowing freely. Many fish die of a single lamprey attack.

Lively Larva. Lampreys prefer the larger fish, especially the tasty lake trout, which are also favorites of human gourmets. Lake by lake, as the lampreys advanced the trout disappeared. In 1935 the Lake Huron commercial catch was 6,000,000 lbs.; by 1945 it had dropped below



LAMPREY ATTACHED TO TROUT
The taste of a human gourmet.

1,000,000 lbs. Later it fell to almost nothing. In Lake Michigan the story was the same. In Lake Superior, last lake to be invaded, the trout catch fell from 4,500,000 lbs. in 1951 to 368,000 lbs. in 1961.

First countermeasure tried by the fishes' human allies was electrical barriers across stream mouths to keep mature lampreys from swimming upstream to spawn. But many streams were already packed with growing larvae from lamprey eggs, so the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Canadian Department of Fisheries decided to destroy the larvae themselves. In search of a selective lamprey-larva poison, they tried more than 6,000 different chemicals on jars containing two lamprey larvae, two bluegill fingerlings and two small rainbow trout. Some chemicals killed nothing; some killed both larvae and fish. Some killed two of the fish and one larva. Finally, in 1955, Chief John Howell of the service's Hammond Bay, Mich., lab, found a jar with its two larvae dead and its four little fish alive and frisky. The tricky compound that did the job best was 3-trifluoromethyl-4-nitrophenol—more handily known as TFM. Developed by Government Biologist Vernon Applegate, TFM reaches into the mud and attacks lamprey larvae. Millions of them pop out of their burrows and writhe helplessly for hours before they die.

Confident Service. TFM was first used in 1958 on lamprey-spawning streams that flow into Lake Superior, and by last spring the tide had turned against the slimy invaders. The number caught in traps as they tried to swim upstream fell to 12% of the 1961 catch. The adults are apparently dying off and are not being replaced by adolescent larvae.

The battle of the lakes is far from over, but the Fish and Wildlife Service is now hopeful of eventual victory. It has already started TFM treatment in streams that flow into Lake Michigan and Huron. As soon as each lake is reasonably safe, the service will release baby trout, confident that most of them will not be sucked to death by lampreys.



Why won't your wife let you buy this wagon?

"It looks like a bus."

"I wouldn't be caught dead in it."

Do these sound familiar? Your wife is not alone. It is hard to convince some women what sense the VW Station Wagon makes.

Its chunky shape, for instance, allows it to hold more than the biggest conventional wagon. (Yet it is a good four feet shorter, and a lot less exasperating to park.)

She might like the easy way it loads. The side doors give her almost 16 sq. ft. for big supermarket bags, a baby carriage, etc.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon does not have to take anything lying down. She can cart home an antique chest, standing up. Or delicate trees from the nursery. (Wide things, too. It will hold an open playpen.)

She can comfortably pack in eight or more Scouts, with all their cook-out gear.

She can give the family some extra sun on the way to the beach. (Why no other station wagon has a sun-roof is a mystery.)

Even if the traffic is bumper to bumper on hot days, she will not have to worry about

the radiator boiling over. There is no radiator, no water. (The Volkswagen engine is air cooled.)

She may get a kick out of beeping to the other women who drive VW Station Wagons. (They have a kind of private club.)

Or maybe she likes to see where she is going. (The VW wagon has incredible visibility on hills and curves.)

If these facts don't convince her, tell her it's only \$2655* and you aren't made of money.





East-and-west routes are even numbered. North-and-south routes are odd numbered.



Three-figured routes, with the first figure odd, are spur routes.



Three-figured routes, in which the first figure is even, are loops through cities, or belt routes around them. (Not shown on map to avoid obscuring main routes.)



You'll drive from Miami to Seattle — without a stop light

Quick facts about Interstate Highways

- Our National System of Interstate and Defense Highways, now under construction, will speed you safely from coast to coast, border to border on ultramodern expressways—without a stop light or an intersection.

- 41,000-mile system will cross every state and link 90 per cent of all cities of 50,000 or more population.

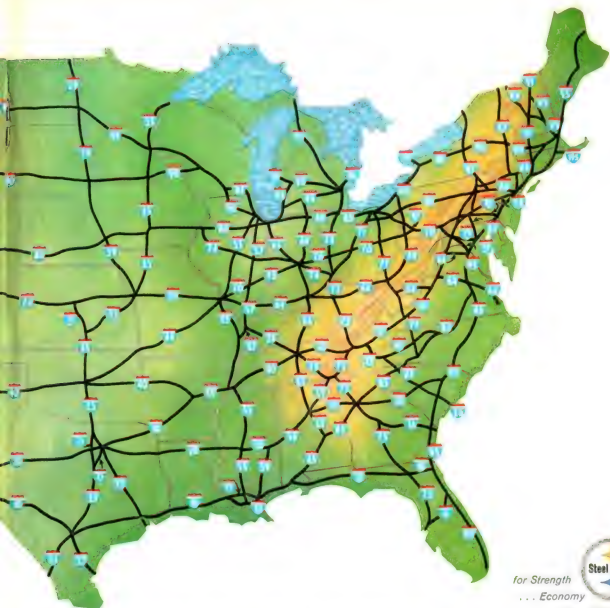
System will make up only slightly more than one per cent of our country's 3,510,000 miles of roads and streets. But it will carry more than 20 per cent of all traffic.

- Most highways in the system will have wide, multiple lanes in each direction, separated from opposing traffic by a median strip. Interchanges provide the only means of entrance and exit.

- Federal Government pays 90 per cent of initial cost. States pay 10 per cent and all maintenance costs.

- It's a 16-year program of federal-state co-operation provided by Congress to engineer and build highways capable of handling the traffic of 1975.

Almost one-third of the system will be open to traffic by the end of 1962.



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... Versatility



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BETHLEHEM STEEL



RELIGION

Conservatism Today

Thanks to its well-heeled backers, the magazine is sent free to 140,657 Protestant churches; only 38,208 subscribers actually pay to receive it. But after nearly six years of thumbing through its bristling defense of oldtime religion, most of the readers on the free list would probably make a point of getting the fortnightly *Christianity Today* even if they had to pay for it. For it is a magazine of evangelical Christianity that tries to make traditional Protestant theology clear and interesting—and nearly always succeeds.

Recent issues of *Christianity Today* have included an impressive sample of the kind of alert religious reporting and comment that makes the magazine indispensable—if often irritating—reading in manses and seminars across the U.S. One editorial took a rough swipe at clerical complacency, and then lambasted a recent Vatican statement that Protestants could achieve church unity by returning to the Catholic fold. The issue now going to press runs a long survey of religion in non-Communist Europe based on reports of some of its 37 foreign correspondents. The general consensus: materialist, religiously indifferent Europe is ripe for evangelical missionary work.

Byproduct of Billy. *Christianity Today* preaches a kind of literate, highbrow fundamentalism. Strongly conservative in its economic and political views, strongly Biblical in its theology, it is a byproduct of the one-man refurbishing job done on the U.S. Protestant church by Billy Graham, a frequent *C.T.* contributor, and in fact its co-founder. In 1955 Graham and his father-in-law, Dr. L. Nelson Bell, a Presbyterian layman, asked a number of church leaders if they felt that Christianity needed a new nondenominational magazine, not so liberal as the old and prestigious *Christian Century* (circ. 37,500). Bell organized a committee of clerical sponsors, raised the capital funds from a number of millionaire Protestant laymen, including Oilman J. Howard Pew and Chairman Maxey Jarman of GENESCO, Inc., who still make up most of the magazine's annual \$225,000 deficit. To edit the new magazine Graham's committee chose Baptist Professor Karl Henry, 49, of Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena. He agreed to take on the job for a year "to get things moving in the right direction."

Henry is still keeping *Christianity Today* on the move. Raised as an Episcopalian, Henry was editor of the weekly *Smithtown, N.Y., Star* at the age of 20, when he underwent what he calls "a dynamic Pauline conversion." He studied for a divinity degree at Chicago's Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, earned a Ph.D. in philosophy from Boston University, has written and edited 17 books.

"Total Message." The policy of *Christianity Today* is "to apply the Biblical revelations vigorously to the contemporary

social crisis." Editor Henry persistently chides church-related colleges for failing to permeate the curriculum with Christian truth. He encourages Biblical-founded preaching; he is a persistent critic of "leftist" thinking in the National Council of Churches and denounces the World Council of Churches as an example of "ecclesiastical elephantiasis." His contributors have taken a dim view of Paul Tillich's religious thought, and Editor Henry claims that the theology of Karl Barth is nullified by its internal contradictions. He is not at all disturbed by Barth's tart reply that *C.T.* should really be called *C.F.* —*Christianity Yesterday.*



ST. STEPHEN'S BEAUMONT
Only on Sunday.

Mayfair Minister

For six days, Timothy Wentworth Beaumont is the very model of a modern Mayfair gentleman. He gathers writers and politicians the way other men collect stamps, entertaining 30 or 40 at dinner each week in his opulent London town house. He has used his fortune lavishly to bankroll England's recent Liberal revival, and is chairman of the Cities of London and Westminster Liberal Association. He owns a small but influential string of magazines. He is an avid follower of the track, and his wife races a filly named High and Dry.

But never on Sunday. That is when Beaumont, 33, puts on his clericals and drives to St. Stephen's Church in Westminster to deliver the sermon or officiate at Holy Communion. For the man-about-Mayfair is also an Anglican priest, and the richest clergyman in England.

Prism & Wonderland. One of five curates at St. Stephen's, Priest-Publisher Beaumont—thanks to an "understanding"

vicar—has no duties except on Sunday, a privilege shared by some Anglican "worker priests" in British industrial cities who labor weekdays in factories, preach and worship on Sunday in mission chapels. Beaumont is currently in the midst of tidying up his communications interests. For "a nominal sum," he recently sold the weekly magazine *Time & Tide*, which he saved from extinction in 1960 and turned into one of England's liveliest but most unprofitable journals of opinion (he lost \$1,400 a week on it). Now he is at work planning a new magazine that he hopes to see on the stands by next February; an unnamed monthly, to be a mixture of the styles of *Fortune* and *Encounter*, aimed at a business audience. Beaumont has no intention of forsaking his other publishing ventures: the highbrow Anglican monthly *Prism*, another monthly of news about the Liberal Party, a religiously oriented children's weekly called *Wonderland*, a church news sheet that is syndicated to parish magazines.

Heir to a fortune in shipping and industrial shares (W. R. Grace & Co.), Beaumont discreetly left Eton before he was expelled ("I pinched things," he explains), lazed his way through Oxford as a student of agriculture and founded a club dedicated to reviving the lusty ways of 19th century Regency bucks. Shortly after he came down from Oxford, he decided to become a priest. "I can't explain why," he says. "God seems to call one, but not until one is halfway there does one really realize that he has."

"The Real Struggle." No dandy, Beaumont likes to wear a sweater and crumpled slacks. His nails are grimy, and a shoelace is often untied. He gives heavily but anonymously to charity and is quite unembarrassed by his wealth. "My chief job as a Christian is to use my money wisely," he says. "Having lots of money and a big house like this can be very useful, you know, and it is the inner life that really matters. It is there that the real struggle must take place."

Much of Beaumont's fortune has gone toward promoting his radical views about church reform. "We need a revolution," he says. "We need a revision of the Prayer Book. We need to purge the Gospels of out-of-date accretions and produce an act of worship in modern idiom. The church spends its funds wrongly too. Church money should be used to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and preach the Gospel."

More often than not, Beaumont's own preaching shocks his predominantly middle-class congregation. On a recent Sunday, for example, he tore out at religious hypocrisy, and though he disavows with the Communists and pacifists, argued that churchgoing Christians have much to learn from both.

Such talk is not likely to elevate Beaumont in the church hierarchy, and he confidently expects that he will never be made a bishop. "I regard it," he says, "as so unlikely that it is not worth thinking about at all. Would you like to be a bishop? I think it would be absolute hell."

MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

One Percent for Art

A mosaic, a piece of sculpture, a tapestry or a painting is apt to be expensive, and it is certainly not functional. Thus when it comes to public projects or low-cost housing, watchdogs of the public purse tend to consider such fine arts frivolous and hard to justify to the taxpayers. A good many enlightened people deplore this view, but cannot make themselves felt. But a few years ago, an enlightened Philadelphia lawyer named Michael von Moschizker found himself in a position to do something about it. He was then chairman of the Philadelphia Redevelopment Authority, which was charged with letting contracts for construction projects for Philadelphia's elaborate redevelopment program.

Sterility Banished. "One day," he recalls, "I said to the other four members that maybe we could let it be known that we would look with favor on bidders who offered to spend 1% of construction costs on frescoes, murals, bas-reliefs, mosaics, stained-glass windows, and fountains with statuary in or around them." At the National Conference of Editorial Writers, Von Moschizker argued his case: "The psychologists and efficiency experts now find that beauty increases productivity. It necessarily follows that true functionalism in man-made edifices must include artistic expression. Sterility and her handmaiden, monotony, must be banished."

It is not its efficiencies but its eccentricities that give a city its particular character. Von Moschizker argued in effect, "The most famous meeting place in Philadelphia is the statue of the eagle in Wanamaker's, and the most memorable outdoor object to whole generations growing up in center city has been the goat in Rittenhouse Square." His colleagues on the Redevelopment Authority agreed, voted

formally to write the 1% clause into all redevelopment contracts.

Scattered Sculpture. So far, \$230 million worth of construction has been approved under this system—meaning that Philadelphia will surround its new buildings with more than \$2,000,000 worth of art. Late last year, the Federal Housing Administration amended its rules to permit guarantee of loans that included the fine-arts provision. Last week ground was broken for the first major project to be financed by FHA under the new provision—a \$40 million redevelopment of Philadelphia's shabby Society Hill section. At the 1% rate, Contractors Webb & Knapp and Chief Architect I.M. Pei will have a handsome \$400,000 to spend on fine arts or sculpture to scatter among the planned five apartment towers, 225 town houses and shopping centers that replace the section's warehouses and dilapidated rooming houses.

With luck and good will, Society Hill can provide a pattern for fine-arts allotments in FHA-financed projects across the country.

MORALS

Abortion: Precept & Practice

As the sensibly-suited American woman disembarked at Tokyo's International Airport last week, she brushed off the hundred guides who scrambled to show her the sights. She had come to Japan not to wander the shrines and teahouses but, like the friend at home who had tipped her off (and that friend's friend, and so on and so on), for an abortion.

Of the more than 700,000 abortions reported annually in Japan, a small but increasing number—one Tokyo abortionist puts it at something less than 1,000—are performed on American women. Though the trip itself is expensive (\$783 for a round-trip tourist ticket from Los Ange-

les), the operation may cost no more than \$15. Last week's traveler was only seeking the same solution that a couple of million American women a year say home to find.

Laws & Mores. Despite strict anti-abortion legislation in the U.S. and the often exorbitant expense involved in getting to countries with more lenient laws, abortion statistics continue to rise yearly in a striking case of conflict between the mores of a people and their legal code. Of the estimated 1,000,000 abortions performed each year in the U.S.,* only a surprisingly small number fall into the classic category (the girl who has paid the penalty for promiscuity and wants to avoid the consequences before her parents find out). Even in the case of single girls, many parents feel abortion is preferable to a marriage to the wrong mate. But it is the married women who, for any of a thousand reasons—most often, they already have children and feel emotionally or financially unable to cope with one more—make up more than 50% of the annual abortion figure.

In the U.S., abortion is outlawed in any form except when it may serve to save the life of the woman; in six states it may also be performed "to save the life of the unborn child." All other abortions, no matter how or where performed, or by whom, are classified as "illegal operations." It is illegal to abort a woman suffering from an incurable disease if having the baby would not actually kill her; it is illegal to perform an abortion on a woman who in early pregnancy contracts German measles (in some 20% of such cases, the child will be born blind or mentally retarded). Even a victim of rape cannot be legally aborted.

The Headliners. Since many respectable doctors are terrified of having the label "abortionist" tied to their reputations—no matter what the legality of the case—and since red tape makes arranging for a legal abortion so complex (most large hospitals require consent from a board of staff doctors), it is difficult for a woman to have an abortion performed under operating-room conditions. For this reason, and for reasons of fear and ignorance, nearly 5,000 women die each year at the hands of the nonprofessionals to whom they have turned; these criminal abortionists often do their work on kitchen tables and the back seats of cars, are almost weekly headlined in the tabloids: **ABORTIONIST SCARED, LEAVES GIRL TO DIE, OR BODY OF ABORTION VICTIM FOUND IN PARK.**

But, unchronicled in the newspapers and often kept secret even from friends and families, abortions are being performed daily on thousands of women. If they act quickly enough (after the eighth week of pregnancy it is, in many cases, too risky), chances for a successful abortion are high. The most desirable procedure is for a

* A figure quoted at the recent conference in Manhattan of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, and admittedly a guess, since secrecy surrounding abortion is at a premium. Other guesses range as high as 3,000,000.



WANAMAKER EAGLE

Eccentricities establish character.



RITTENHOUSE GOAT

physician to refer the patient to a psychiatrist, who may certify that danger of suicide exists if pregnancy is not terminated. Thus armed, the doctor can make arrangements for a therapeutic abortion (known as a dilatation and curettage—or "D. and C."). Under good hospital conditions, a D. and C. on a pregnant woman is considered "minor, but tricky," costs from \$75 to \$125. The difficulty is that the psychiatrist may find the patient perfectly normal and refuse to certify the need for therapeutic abortion.

Then, if the woman is determined enough, she can usually find a sympathetic doctor. He will not perform the abortion himself, but knows someone (usually nameless, usually located in a nameless suburb) who will. This procedure is inestimably more dangerous and expensive; the criminal abortionist's average price is anywhere from \$400 to \$2,000. Other women "take a trip" to Finland, Sweden or Norway (where laws provide for abortion on three grounds: medical, humanitarian and eugenic), to Mexico or Puerto Rico (where abortions are as illegal as in the U.S., but much simpler to arrange), or to Japan (where abortion is completely legal on all grounds).

New Leniency. The American Law Institute, which has worked for ten years on the model penal code for the U.S., calls for a drastic revision of present abortion law. The institute's proposed abortion statute would make abortion legal if the doctors are convinced that 1) grave impairment of the physical or mental health of the mother is involved, 2) the child would be born with a serious mental or physical defect, or 3) the pregnancy was the result of rape or incest. Opposition to this new liberalized view of abortion is strong: nearly every religion opposes abortion in one degree or another, and the Roman Catholic Church flatly considers it murder.

The American Medical Association, which has formulated no stand on any proposed abortion legislation nor seems likely to, considers the problem social rather than medical. Says A.M.A. Attorney Bernard Hirsh: "The Association recommends that each doctor protect himself from charges of illegal abortion by following the requirements set up by some states and most hospitals . . . In states where it is illegal, it is unethical. In states where it is legal, the doctor must be guided by his own conscience."

CUSTOMS

Give Me Liberty

When Bell System executives grandly announced that all telephone exchange names would soon be replaced by seven-digit numbers in the name of progress (TIME, May 11), they presupposed the blind acceptance of a benumbed and benumbered public. They were wrong; the telephone company is now facing a minor rebellion. In San Francisco last week the Anti-Digit Dialing League was incorporated to oppose "creeping numeralism." And an anti-digit patriot in Santa Rosa,



SEMANTICIST HAYAKAWA
What's human about 4155842301?

unwilling to surrender one more word for three more numbers, cried: "Give me Liberty or take the blinking phone out."

Fitting Machines. The A.D.D.L. was born a month ago when a want ad by angry San Francisco Organizer Carl V. May rallied a band of bitter anti-digit men, including famed Semantacist S. I. Hayakawa of San Francisco State College. Soon San Francisco lapels were sprouting A.D.D.L. buttons. Polling its readers, the San Francisco Chronicle reported that two-thirds of the ballots were opposed to all-number dialing. Said Hayakawa: "These people are systematically trying to destroy the use of memory. They tell you to 'write it down,' not memorize it. Try writing a telephone number down in a dark booth while groping for a pencil, searching in an obsolete phone book and gasping for breath. And all this in the name of efficiency! Engineers have a terrible intellectual weakness. 'If it fits the machine,' they say, 'then it ought to fit people.' This is something that bothers me very much: absent-mindedness about people."

Guerrilla Methods. A.D.D.L. has quickly sprouted branches. In Los Angeles, one A.D.D.L. leader is Scientist Kent Gould, who complains, "We're all being reduced to numbers. Some place you've got to stop and take a stand." At Indiana University, the A.D.D.L. chapter has turned to guerrilla warfare. Interpreting the area code and seven digits as one huge number, they place calls by saying, "Operator, give me S. I. Hayakawa at four billion, one hundred fifty-five million, eight hundred forty-two thousand, three hundred and one." Grows Chapter Leader Frederick Litto, "If they want digits, we'll give them digits." Litto's men will also strike at the soft underbelly of the telephone company's automation by overpaying a few cents every month with the hope of snarling the automated bookkeeping system.

The pure corn oil in
Mazola® Margarine

**CONTAINS LESS
SATURATED FAT**

than the hydrogenated
corn oil used in other
leading margarines

Most of the corn oil in other margarines is hydrogenated. That's a process that increases their saturated fat . . . and destroys important corn oil benefits.

But pure liquid corn oil, the major ingredient in Mazola, is *never* hydrogenated. That's why it contains less saturated fat—gives you more pure corn oil nutrition.

This is another way of saying you get the full benefit of the polyunsaturates in the corn oil in Mazola Margarine. They're the wonderful nutritional elements you want in a corn oil margarine.



Try light, golden delicious Mazola Margarine . . . you'll get the full benefit of pure liquid corn oil in Mazola Margarine.

SHOW BUSINESS

Love Letters to Rambler



Carl Terrill

Chain-store owner Carl Terrill of Lacust Grove, Okla., drives over 200 miles a day supervising his 4 stores—keeps bookkeeper-accurate records of his expenses. In writing about his Rambler Classic Station Wagon with overdrive—his 4th Rambler—he says:

"IT'S MY 31st NEW CAR—HAS LOWEST UPKEEP OF ALL!"

"I drive my Rambler 200 miles a day. It has 40,000 miles on it now and has never been in a garage. And my gas mileage averages 24.7. In fact, figuring everything, my running expenses are only 14¢ a mile. That saves me enough to cover my Rambler payment each month! Anyone who watches his costs—and wants plenty of room—should drive a Rambler."

There's room for six 6-footers in a Rambler Classic wagon. Huge cargo space inside—plus even more with the Roof-Top Travel Rack that's standard at no extra cost. And you can get the deal of your life on this whole-family vacation hauler—right now—at your Rambler dealer's!



WANTED:

People who are sick and tired of working for other people!
Want to be your own boss? Over 14,000 ambitious men and women have gone into the coin-operated WESTINGHOUSE Laundromat® equipped business with the help of A.I.D., Inc.



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Offices in Principal Cities

HOLLYWOOD

The Hexagon

"Through cooperation we get a multi-million-dollar vehicle for worldwide propagation of a favorable military entity."

Who could plow words together like that but a Pentagon flack? What in the wild blue yonder is he talking about?

He is talking about the importance of Hollywood as a branch of the armed services. Pictures about the military can touch off avalanches of enlistment. They polish the image, lift morale. A common soldier sees a movie and decides he's Tab Hunter.

But more or less since Director Darryl Zanuck drew widespread attention to his own invasion of Normandy, *The Longest Day*, by using troops from crisis-ridden

Poor combat-fatigued 20th Century-Fox may lose *The Battle of Leyte Gulf*. The studio needs an obsolete cruiser, an obsolete flattop and two obsolete submarines with deck runs. The Pentagon has refused to help with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Follow the Boys*, even though M-G-M agreed to take out a scene that shows an admiral getting seasick. The Pentagon is, by and large, against comedies.

When cooperation is given any more, strings of steel are attached. B-52s and KC-135s will be filmed for Universal-International's *A Gathering of Eagles*, but the planes' crews must be "in training" at the time. And Columbia's *Flight from Ashiya* (about the Air Rescue Service) has been bowdlerized at Pentagon insistence. In the original script, a paramedic



DIRECTOR ZANUCK & BRASS AT EUROPEAN HQ (1961)*

Now it's billions for defense, but not one extra cent for movies.

Berlin (TIME, Sept. 8), the Pentagon has been a house divided. Its low-ranking flacks and Hollywood liaison men are for giving Hollywood what it wants at all times—tanks, planes, ammunition, West Point, Annapolis, nuclear warheads, classified information, bases overseas. But the Pentagon's Audio-Visual Division of the Directorate for News Services of the Public Affairs Division disagrees. It is now concerned about criticism from Congress, the source from which all that hardware flows. Word went out: billions for defense, not one extra cent for Hollywood.

As filming proceeded last week in the Florida Keys on Warner Brothers' *PT 109*, Navy landing craft maneuvered around Munson Key and 20-mm. U.S.N. ammunition pah-pah-pahed in the air. But Warner Brothers was paying for all the ammo and all the fuel for the ships. Moreover, where they once might have dragged old PT boats out of mothballs, the Navy refused. No PTs are on active service, so Warner Brothers had to build its own.

says to an uncomprehending Arab girl: "I bet you'd be great in the sack."

"Seduction is absolutely against our policy," said the Air Force. Cut.

Meanwhile, 20th Century-Fox's Field Marshal Zanuck was busy on the home front. Irritated by the rising sway of the stockbrokers who purged Fox President Spyros Skouras, Zanuck set himself up as a one-man Pentagon and declared war. Calling for a special meeting of the Fox board within 30 days, he said he would like to double the size of the board and hence dilute the brokers' power. If he was given enough power, he hinted, he might consent to take over as president. Zanuck was the studio's production boss until 1956, left to form his own independent company, but has kept a Fox vice-presidency all the while, still owns 110,000 shares of Fox stock, more than the combined personal holdings of all the presidents.

* With Cornelius Ryan, author of *The Longest Day*, while shooting for that film.

ent board members. A creative man who knows how to make movies (*The Grapes of Wrath*, *Gentleman's Agreement*), he says: "I don't mind being second-guessed by pros, but I don't want to be second-guessed by amateurs."

THEATER

Only the Smog

If a dedicated New York theatergoer were to spend several seasons in Sing Sing and miss all the shows, where could he go to catch up? A short time ago, the answer was nowhere. Today it is Los Angeles.

Los Angeles has become the U.S.'s second theatrical city, with more than 40 active theaters in operation. Many are occupied by road companies doing late successes from Broadway. *Under the Yum-Yum Tree* has been running in L.A. for 46 weeks. Also last week the ex-con could see *Critic's Choice*, *The Best Man*, *Man in the Dog Suit*, *Everybody Loves Opal*, *Venus Observed*. Off Broadway has been generously represented with *The Blacks*, *The Connection*, *The Zoo Story*.

Los Angeles' theaters contain more than revivals of New York shows, however. Various university organizations—most notably John Houseman's Theater Group at U.C.L.A.—present first-rate productions of dramatic classics. Elsewhere in the city, productions of *As You Like It* and *Macbeth* were on the boards last week. Most Los Angeles theaters are the small-capacity off-Broadway type (locally called "off Vine") that run smoothly on three-quarters of a shoestring and will try almost anything but a new play. Few make money, but some coin it. Two small L.A. theaters recently reported box-office receipts of \$1,000,000 between them over the past two seasons.

Los Angeles has been struggling for years against smog and a stigma of cultural inferiority. Only the smog remains. As a vote of confidence, Producer David Merrick will launch the long-awaited British musical *Oliver* at the Philharmonic Auditorium in August. And this year *Playbill*, which prints all Broadway programs, started a Los Angeles edition.

MOVIES

Snow Is Four Letters

As in the off-Broadway original, the film version of Jack Gelber's junkie play, *The Connection*, goes for verisimilitude down to the last four-letter word. One word, a four-letter dysphemism for human excrement, occurs repeatedly, since in the context of Gelber's story it is slang for "snow"—which is a euphemism for any narcotic.

New York's Board of Regents tried to censor the four-letter word as obscene. Not so, ruled the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court last week. The term is what the junkies use when they mean snow, and that makes it realism, as distinct from obscenity.

Thus, Broadway movie audiences will soon be hearing the non-obscene word from inside the movie house—instead of just overhearing it in the alley outside.

YOU CAN SEND
A MESSAGE
WITH YOUR
MONEY
Only
A FEW CENTS
MORE

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THE FASTEST
AND EASIEST
WAY TO SEND
OR RECEIVE
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AS A GIFT - OR FOR ANY PURPOSE -
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ANYWHERE, WITH TELEGRAPHIC SPEED. FAST,
SAFE, CONVENIENT - THAT'S WESTERN UNION.

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SECRET AGENT Tension, temperature and activity all step up your perspiration. Yet nobody need sense it when you use Kings Men deodorant—the extra-strength deodorant that checks and double checks perspiration problems hour after hour. Get first class protection with the quick stick or the sure-fire spray. Only \$1.

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MEDICINE

Calories Do Count

Calories Don't Count, promised the book's catchy title, and overweight Americans looking for a painless way to reduce took the promise literally. They ran the book's sales to more than a million copies in less than a year. Last week, in commenting on a default decree, the U.S. Food & Drug Administration blasted the volume as full of false ideas, charged that it had been written and promoted to boost



OBSTETRICIAN TALLER

A ghostwriter got inspirational.

the sales of worthless capsules of safflower oil.

Nominal author of the book is Dr. Herman Taller, 50, a Rumanian-born physician who practiced obstetrics in Brooklyn and recently moved to Manhattan on the strength of his expanding royalties. But, said the FDA, publishers Simon & Schuster sent Taller's manuscript to a freelance sports writer, Roger Kahn, to be revised "in more of a mail-order inspirational technique." The book absolved fat-ties of their guilt by crediting them with a metabolic abnormality. It exhorted them to eat as much as they wanted of most fat foods, especially those containing unsaturated fats (*see following story*). And it prescribed six capsules a day of safflower oil.

What got Taller into trouble with the law was that first printings of the book included an endorsement of a specific manufacturer of safflower oil (CDC capsules), and copies of the book were used to promote the capsules. (They are now off the market, following FDA action.) In court proceedings, Dr. Taller refused to answer more than 50 questions about his financial relationship with the corporation that manufactured the capsules.

Said FDA Commissioner George P. Larrick: "This best-selling book was deliberately created and used to promote these worthless safflower oil capsules for the treatment of obesity, cardiovascular diseases and other serious conditions. One of its main purposes was to promote the sale of a commercial product in which Dr. Taller had a financial interest." To this, Simon & Schuster retorted: "There is nothing in the record which could possibly support these vicious and irresponsible innuendoes."

But Commissioner Larrick had more to say: "The book is full of false ideas, as many competent medical and nutritional writers have pointed out. Contrary to the book's basic premise, weight reduction requires the reduction of caloric intake. There is no easy, simple substitute. Unfortunately, calories do count."

Cholesterol Controversy

On the hazards of obesity and the necessity for counting calories, the medical profession is almost unanimous. On the dangers of cholesterol and its role in heart disease, doctors remain stubbornly divided. In fact, says Manhattan's Dr. Arthur M. Master, one of the foremost of U.S. cardiologists, the current preoccupation with cholesterol is one of the heart-health fads on which "the ablest and most reputable physicians and scientists have diametrically opposed views."

The problem has been oversimplified for the layman, Dr. Master complains. Men with a lot of cholesterol in their blood tend to have heart attacks earlier in life than others. Though some foods contain readymade cholesterol, the body manufactures more of it from saturated fats in meat and dairy products. So the argument runs: Cut down on saturated fats in the diet, thus lowering the cholesterol level in the blood and reducing the danger of artery disease and heart attacks.

Snacks or Squares? But the medical facts are not so straightforward as all that. Though cholesterol is found in diseased coronary arteries, it is not yet certain whether cholesterol is the original cause of damage or a secondary invader. Many high-cholesterol men never have heart attacks at all. While doctors use the cholesterol level as a guide to the amount of fat in the blood, it is a crude and unreliable measure: it varies with exercise and whatever drugs the patient may have taken; it depends on whether he has been



CARDIOLOGIST MASTER
Grandmother knew best.

snibbling snacks or eating three meals a day. It changes with his emotional tension (how worried is he about this test?), and even with the amount of tourniquet pressure on his arm when the nurse draws a blood sample.

"It cannot be taken for granted," Dr. Master told the American Medical Association, "as many physicians and lay persons do, that lowering the blood cholesterol will reduce the incidence and mortality of coronary disease and coronary thrombosis. There is as yet no proof that a diet low in saturated fats, or a drop in the blood cholesterol, will prevent or influence coronary disease." Although the medical profession cannot yet make up its collective mind on these matters, Dr. Master gave much credit for pioneer research to Dr. Ancel Keys (*TIME* cover, Jan. 13, 1961) and the late Dr. Norman Jolliffe, who founded New York City's Anti-Coronary Club (former and potential coronary cases).

Meanwhile the mere hope that a change in diet will prolong life is filling U.S. kitchens and men's stomachs with



ADS FOR OILS

The doctors remain stubbornly divided.



IT'S A
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WINE...



Vineyard-rich, ruby-red Taylor New York State Burgundy adds glamour and glory to the moment . . . and to the menu, whether you're supping out under the sycamores . . . or by soft candlelight. For family meals, entertaining, or when you dine out, choose from Taylor's famous array of wines. Ask your wine merchant for helpful Taylor booklets.

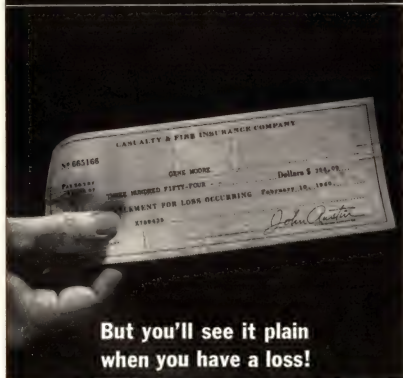
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TIME, JULY 13, 1962



The Big Difference may not show when you sign-up for car or home insurance



**But you'll see it plain
when you have a loss!**

The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent insurance agent. He's free to be on your side when you have a claim because he represents not one but several insurance companies.

He'll help you get prompt,

fair payment, without red tape.

Compare this service with what happens when you buy insurance directly from some companies.



Be sure you get The Big Difference in car and home insurance. Sign-up only where you see the Big "I" Seal.

hitherto esoteric oils; housewives are chattering with superficial knowingness about poly-unsaturated fats.* Americans get an average of 40% to 45% of their daily calories in fats, and before the cholesterol craze came along, most of the fat was saturated. Some doctors have urged simply cutting down fats, of whatever kind, to about 30% of the total caloric intake. Others have advocated substituting poly-unsaturated fat for much of the saturated stuff, and worrying less about the total intake. Conservative Dr. Master adds a warning: "The ingestion of large amounts of poly-unsaturated acids is unnecessary and may actually be harmful."

Claims that a few capsules of safflower oil taken daily will stave off heart disease are so misleading that they have fallen under Government ban. But poly-unsaturates in moderate amounts may be beneficial, so many leading U.S. food processors are supplying new fats in new forms to meet a growing demand.

Because hydrogenation of vegetable oils—to keep spreads and shortenings fresh and solid at kitchen temperature—saturates them to varying degrees, Procter & Gamble Co. has spent millions of dollars on research and on revamping its manufacturing process to bring out the new Crisco, only 25% saturated, 44% to 50% neutral mono-unsaturated, and the rest poly-unsaturated. New Crisco, says P. & G., has double the linoleic acid of the old formula and of competing brands as well. General Mills, Inc. is marketing a safflower cooking oil named "Saff-o-life" which, its ads say, is "38% higher in poly-unsaturates than any leading oil, even corn oil."

Point of Desperation. Many factors beside the quantities of food and fats consumed are important in regulating the body's cholesterol level. So Dr. Master deplors overemphasis on diet. "We have encountered people who have deprived themselves of foods they crave, almost to the point of desperation," report Dr. Master and his colleague, Dr. Harry L. Jaffe. To avoid this situation, and to help their patients achieve "philosophical equanimity," they encourage people to relax and enjoy moderate amounts of butter and cream, meat and eggs. This is no different from Grandma's injunction to eat "everything in moderation." But today's doctors add this advice to their patients: leave the problems of cholesterol to the medical scientists.

* Food fats are classified by chemists as saturated if they have hydrogen atoms hooked onto the carbon atoms all along the molecular chain; as mono-unsaturated if hydrogen atoms are missing at one point in the chain, and as poly-unsaturated if they are absent at two or more points. Most saturated fats are solid at room temperature, and come from meat or milk. The poly-unsaturated fats, notably linoleic acid, are found mainly in fish, marine mammals, and such plant extracts as safflower, sunflower, cottonseed, soybean, corn and peanut oils. Only ten years ago, safflower oil was made mostly from imported seed for use in dyes. Today, hundreds of thousands of acres in California, Arizona and Utah grow the thistle-like plant.



What do women think of you?

Finding out can be fun—socially. In packaging your product the process can be fatally expensive. As a CCA customer you can know what shoppers think of your package well in advance of its trial by market. We can ask pointed questions of women in our 10,000-housewife Consumer Panel. We get pointed answers. Thumbs up, you go ahead confidently. Thumbs down, back to the drawing board confidently. Reducing marketing hazards is one way we speed your marketing cycle from the point of production to the decisive moment of purchase.

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA 



**"Sales increase requires additional packing facilities.
Do you know a cannery which can
pack under our label?"**



We're used to questions like these at First National City Bank. They're typical of the hundreds we receive every year from all over the country, covering a wide range of business situations both domestic and

foreign. As bankers, we welcome them. Because as bankers—not just a bank—we like to put our broad business experience to work in helping solve the problems of our customers. We're fortunate in the vast volume of business-financial knowledge and experience which flows



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**"Increased demand for foreign hardwoods
forces us to find new sources of supply.
Can you help?"**

through our offices. Our work with the top 100 United States corporations (and most of the next 500) keeps us abreast of current business problems, as do our eighty-five branches in twenty-nine foreign countries. All this background is available to First National City customers.

Is your business getting its share? If not, call on us more often. The thing we enjoy most about banking is applying our experience with many businesses, to the job of helping your business prosper . . . "a wide breadth of business experience, brought to your business in depth."

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

NEW YORK

Our 150th Anniversary Year

The history of the automobile from 1898 to \$1395

Louis Renault was 21 when he built his first car. That was in 1898. He built it all by hand and it took him 3 months to do it. Today we can turn out a new car every 14 seconds in our modern factory in Flins, France (pronounced "Flan" as in "France"). It's automated beyond belief; 400 spot-welds at a crack, that kind of a thing.

So what does all this automation mean to you? Money. What costs us less to build costs you less to buy. A '62 Dauphine, for instance, has a p.o.e. starting price of \$1395. (The car in the picture below is a little more because it's a Dauphine Deluxe,

with all-vinyl interiors, foam-padded bucket seats, the works.) Buy a Dauphine and you get a car that gives you up to 40 mpg. It's got 4 doors, extraordinary in a car this size; a strong, unitized body, dip-painted so rust can't get at it; pert, fun-to-look-at-and-more-fun-to-be-in Paris style. And whether you buy a Dauphine, Dauphine Deluxe, Dauphine Gordini, or even our luxurious Caravelle, you're protected by a 12-month or 12,000 mile warranty. Never in our 64 years of building great cars have we put more value into a Renault. See for yourself. See your Renault dealer, first chance.



RENAULT



THE PRESS

And a Damn Good Cook

To the 721,000 readers of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, the week was both grim and racy. It was a week of murder, suicide, kidnapping, drowning, robbery, accident, divorce—an ordinary week. The *Herald-Examiner's* 40 reporters had once again discovered man's plight and told of it with inky excitement and a taste of gore. Then, in the din and jangle of their city room, they had submitted their findings



CITY EDITOR UNDERWOOD
More than a curiosity.

to City Editor Agnes ("Aggie") Underwood, who at 50 ranks unrivaled as the Ma Parker of American journalism.

Matronly and shrill, Aggie seems an anomaly in the *Herald-Examiner's* manish, prankish city room. But in her 36 years as a journalist (30 on the *Herald-Examiner*, 15 as its city editor), Aggie has kept such a muscular grip on the news of L.A.'s seamy side that no one thinks of the greying grandmother as an interloper in a man's world. Years away from her reputation as the town's best crime reporter, she still keeps up a running dialogue with the underworld that helps her paper to impressive scoops. It was Aggie to whom her pal Mickey Cohen gave the Johnny Stompanato-Lana Turner love letters.

Aggie talks tough, works hard and lives simply to stay on top of her job. She is at her desk by 4 a.m. and in bed by sundown, having spent eleven rapid hours coaching reporters, manning her battery of phones, shepherding stories into print. "I demand loyalty, hard work, enterprise—and above all, no lying," she says sternly. "If a reporter is off on a bender while working, I want him to tell me so I can protect him, the story and the paper."

Aggie keeps her staff lively by occasionally firing blanks from a desk-drawer pistol, keeps the boys happy by throwing city-desk beer parties, keeps them loyal by sticking up for them. Her style has

brought happy results: the *Herald-Examiner* is thriving, and the paper is among the Hearst chain's few solid moneymakers.

On the city desk, Aggie was a curiosity at first—the nation's only woman city editor of a metropolitan daily. Aggie still retains that distinction, but now she is much more than a curiosity. Last week the National Federation of Press Women chose her "the most outstanding woman in journalism." To this, proud Hobbyist Aggie added, with a gruff note of femininity: "And a damn good cook, too."

Sheer Coincidence

Publisher Otis Chandler's Los Angeles *Times* has long been the West's proud and prosperous voice of conservatism. President Philip Graham's Washington (D.C.) *Post* and *Times Herald* is a lively advocate of the New Frontier. Last week the two papers announced that they are pooling their talents to form the first new U.S. news service since World War II. The partnership is both curiously distant and distinctly promising.

The *Times-Post* service will offer its clients (18 papers so far) 10,000 to 15,000 words a day, seven days a week, from well-staffed bureaus in Washington and California, plus twelve correspondents overseas (though none yet in Moscow, Southeast Asia or Africa). The *Times* will supply a quartet of excellent California political reporters, plus a fresh, enterprising bureau in Washington; the *Post* offers first-rate foreign correspondents and a solid Washington staff. "We don't expect to compete with the A.P. and U.P.I.," says the *Post's* Alfred Friendly. "Where we fit in is supplementary coverage."

Both papers stoutly insist that the expanding national ambitions of the New York *Times* had nothing to do with the birth of the news service. But the *Post* has long been aware of the tall shadow cast from New York, and the service will start operating in October, on the very day the *Times's* Los Angeles-based West Coast edition first appears in California cities. Says L.A. *Times* Managing Editor Frank McCulloch: "I know it looks bad, but I'll swear on a stack of Bibles it's a sheer coincidence."

News But Not Heard

In St. Louis last week, 20,000 readers of the morning *Globe-Democrat* were startled to find oddly doctored copies of the paper in their mail. Columns of blushing red duotone ran over news stories, pictures and ads, cutting some pages into bright mosaics, blanketing others in unbroken chromatic glory. In a prideful red banner across the top of Page One, the *Globe* deciphered the code: ALL THAT'S RED WASN'T ON THE AIR!

For all its gimmicky hyperbole, the stunt was effective proof that news which rates newspaper space includes plenty that never gets on the air. Mailed out to advertisers, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, barbers and beauticians with a letter from

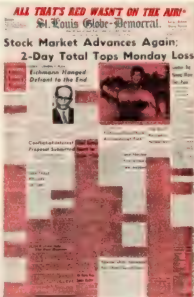
Publisher Richard Amberg, the colored copy of the *Globe* left readers to decide how well informed they could hope to be by relying on radio and television.

For its one-day demonstration of comparative news coverage, the *Globe* chose June 1. It monitored radio and television broadcasts from 5 p.m. until 1 a.m. (roughly the hours in which the day's *Globe* was put together), then compared the middle-weight *Globe* (30 pages) with the broadcasters' total coverage. The story the *Globe* chose for prime play (Page One, column 8) covered a stock-market rally; on the air the story got near-equal play.

But deeper into the paper, the red mounted: classified ads, stock prices, vital statistics and public notices were all red, along with the funnies, the editorials, feature columns, crossword puzzle, horoscope, advice to the lovelorn and, of course, radio and television listings.

It was simple news coverage that showed the brightest red and was the best excuse for the *Globe's* campaign. Says the *Globe's* public-relations man, George Carson, "It's aimed strictly at radio and television. We want to sell the newspaper industry. We want to help all newspapers, even the *Post-Dispatch*." No one at the *Globe* minded, though, that the campaign struck a glancing blow at the P-D's radio and television affiliates, KSD and KSD-TV.

The *Globe* (circ. 322,543) has long



THE GLOBE'S PAGE ONE
More than a gimmick.

jostled with its broadcasting competitors, boasting that its editorial staff of 121 includes more newsmen than all of Missouri's radio and television stations together employ. But in its excitement over the new campaign's success, the *Globe* showed that it had not yet lost all faith in the air. Eager to tell St. Louis of the great things in store for newspaper readers, the *Globe* signed up for 266 radio and TV spots to shout its happy news.

SPORT

Only in Los Angeles

HEAVEN CAN WAIT! screamed the eight-column headline on the sports page of the Los Angeles Times, ANGELS IN 1ST ON 4TH. Then a postscript: AND DODGERS, TOO.

It was the Fourth of July, Independence Day, the hallowed day on which baseball's league leaders traditionally become favorites to win the pennant,* and Angelinos could scarcely contain their pride. In Washington, D.C., the American League's Los Angeles Angels swept a doubleheader from the Senators and edged a half game past the New York Yankees into first place. In Chavez Ravine, the National League's Los Angeles Dodgers swept a doubleheader from the Philadelphia Phillies, clung tenaciously to a half-game lead over the second-place San Francisco Giants. Not since 1956, when the Yankees and the old Brooklyn Dodgers tangled in the last of New York's "subway series," had one baseball-crazy U.S. city had so much to cheer about.

Who's That? That the talent-laden Dodgers sat atop the National League astonished no one. But the Angels were the shock of the year. They did not even exist until last season, when Cowboy-Singer Gene Autry (himself a Dodger fan) forked over \$3,150,000 for a franchise and a crew of ballplayers unloaded by other American League clubs. Last year the Angels were lucky to win 70 games and finish eighth in the ten-team league. Most sportswriters picked them for eighth this season—and on paper, the estimate still looks generous.

* Because they usually do. Since 1901, the American League leader on July 4 has won the pennant 41 times, the National League leader 12 times.

The Angels are the second worst fielding team in the league. No Angel batter is hitting .300. The team roster reads like a page from *Who's That?* Centerfielder Albie Pearson is a 5-ft., 5-in. shortie who hits a golf ball better than a baseball, and sings rock 'n' roll on the side. Star Pitcher Bo ("No Hit") Belinsky is an unconstructed pool shark. A retread catcher plays leftfield, and the Angels' double-play combination has toiled for a grand total of 16 other clubs. Manager Bill Rigney was sacked by the Giants, and General Manager Fred Haney was fired by the St. Louis Browns and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

The Angels do have some cause to crow. Outfielder Leon Wagner leads the league in home runs (24) and RBIs (63), and Second Baseman Bill Moran (lifetime average: .242) is batting .295, has already knocked in more runs than in his three previous big-league seasons put together. But more important, the Angels have a special spirit—the camaraderie of the condemned. They call themselves "The Unbelievables," and the more unbelievable, the better. "We always take the gamble," says Manager Rigney. "For instance, we have eleven pitchers, and we use them all—maybe all in one day. What the heck? We play strictly for today. It may rain tomorrow." Living for the moment, the Angels are living well: they have been permanent residents of the first division for more than a month.

"They Killed Us." Hardly anybody seriously expects the Angels to stay on top of the American League (though nobody expected them to get there, either), but nearly everybody in Los Angeles expects the Dodgers to run away with the National League flag. The Dodgers have everything: speed, power, and the best pitching staff in the majors. Between them, Shortstop Maury Wills and Centerfielder Willie Davis have stolen 64 bases. Leftfielder Tommy Davis is on top of the National League in batting (.345), hits (110) and RBIs (88). So devastatingly deep is the talent that the Dodger farm clubs would give most big-league

teams a tussle. "Don't send that B squad of yours over to play my Mets again," Casey Stengel griped loudly to a Dodger executive last spring. "Nobody ever heard of those kids, but they killed us."

In Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax, the Dodgers have the best pair of front-line pitchers since Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain ("Spahn and Sain, and a day of rain") hurled the Boston Braves to a National League pennant in 1948. For the first time, Righthander Drysdale has put a lid on his volcanic temper, and with a halfway mark of 15 wins, four losses, he is aiming for a 30-game season. Koufax has won fewer games (twelve), but he is even sharper: his earned-run average (.269) is the lowest in the National League. He averages eleven strikeouts a game, and just for good measure, fortnight ago Koufax pitched a no-hitter against the New York Mets.

Off on a Breeze

Sailing is one sport in which an athlete is supposed to improve with age. Cornelius Shields, the grand master of U.S. sailing, is 67, and he insists: "I learn something new each day." At 40, Emil ("Bus") Moshbacher is practically a prodigy. Yet last week, as the America's Cup 12-meter trials got under way in the wind-rippled waters off Newport, R.I., Moshbacher turned in a performance that would be difficult for anyone to beat. As skipper of *Wetherly*, a good, but never before great yacht, Moshbacher drove her to four brilliant victories in a row against the rougher competition U.S. yachting could offer. Eventually, he lost to *Columbia*, the 1958 America's Cup champion, and then, by a close 43 sec., to *Nefertiti*, the highly touted newcomer designed by Marblehead Sailsmaker Ted Hood. But before that he had humbled *Columbia* once, *Easterneer*, and soundly trounced *Nefertiti* by 5 min., 43 sec.

So Many Ifs. In winning, Moshbacher showed the kind of daring that would be foolhardy in another sailor. At one point he drove *Wetherly* through an opponent's windless lee in a maneuver about as difficult, wrote one reporter, "as driving a golf ball through a wall." But sailors have come to expect that of blocky Bus Moshbacher. A master strategist, famed for his starts, Moshbacher likes to think of himself as a quarterback, figuring the odds against every gamble. "A sailing race," he says, "is like a football game: the quarterback must watch everything—not just the end to whom he's going to pass. If it's rough, you must watch the sea. If it's fluky, you must watch for direction changes, keep an eye on the cat's-paws. You must watch the balance of the boat and trim the sails. The scene is always changing; every puff of wind means something in relation to your opponent."

The son of a New York and Texas oilman, Moshbacher started sailing at four, in a cat-rigged, flat-bottomed shell boat. "I used to think it was great fun to turn the boat over," he says, "until everybody stopped helping me right it again." At 17, Moshbacher won the junior championship of Long Island Sound, went on to



ANGEL WAGNER



DODGER KOUFAX

Nothing; everything; and both first on the Fourth.



SKIPPER MOSHBACHER AT THE HELM
A flatter keel, a trimmer stern, and a brilliant strategist.

sweep the International Class championships and just about everything else in sight. In 1958, the first time he ever handled a big, 12-meter America's Cup yacht, Bus took venerable *Tim*—oldest (by 19 years) boat in the U.S. trials—all the way to the finals before he was nosed out by Cory Shields and Briggs Cunningham in *Columbia*. Last summer, he signed on as skipper of Chandler Hovey's *Easterner*, a boat that had not won a single race in the 1958 trials; with it, he beat *Columbia* and *Weatherly* his first time at the helm. But when Owner Hovey would not give him a free hand to select a crew for this summer's trials, Moshbacher quit and joined Henry Mercer's four-year-old *Weatherly*.

Stripped to the Bone. The *Weatherly* that Moshbacher piloted last week was not the same sluggish boat that wound up ahead of only hapless *Easterner* in 1958. Her stern overhang had been lopped off; she had a new, flatter keel that was designed to point her mast higher (to take advantage of steadier breezes that blow well above the water), make her faster beating to windward. Racing boats are like racing cars—the lighter they are, the faster they are—and *Weatherly* was stripped to the bone. Halyard and lift winches were removed from the mast and fastened to the deck. Unnecessary bulkheads, deck rails, and the masthead wind indicator (weight: about 2 lbs.) were gone. Even a beer cooler and a wooden pipe rack were sacrificed for speed.

In last week's shakedown trials, *Weatherly* made it all look worthwhile—up wind or down, in light breezes and heavy weather. The final trials to choose the boat that will defend the America's Cup against Australia's *Gretel* were still a month away, but *Weatherly* and Bus Moshbacher had sent the races off to a whistling start.

Spinning for a Slam

Pro tennis has been good to Amateur Rod ("The Rocket") Laver: it has lured away everyone who might make the nimble Australian redhead work up a sweat on the courts. For years, Lefthander Laver, 23, labored as a B-team scrub on the great Down Under squads that dominated amateur tennis, taking his lumps regularly from such talented first-stringers as Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall and Ashley Cooper. Even after the varsity turned pro, Laver could not seem to win the big ones: he lost twice in the finals at Wimbledon twice more at Forest Hills. But this year *The Rocket* is finally off the pad. He swept the Australian and French singles titles, and on Wimbledon's famed center court last week he needed only 53 min. to crush his unseeded countryman Martin Mulligan, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1, for his third national championship of the year. Only the U.S. championship at Forest Hills in September stands between Laver and a "grand slam" of amateur tennis' four top tournaments, a feat accomplished only once before, in 1938, by the U.S.'s Don Budge.

Short (5 ft. 8 in.) and bowlegged, Rod Laver is not in the same bracket with Don Budge. The son of a Queensland sheepherder, he is temperamental, easily thrown off stride by the bad breaks of a match. He lacks the cannonlike power of a Hoad or the dexterity of a Rosewall. Instead, he relies on craftiness and a unique ability to reset his wrist in mid-stroke—just before contact with the ball—that permits him to hit the ball flat, give it top spin, or impart a low-bouncing underspin. At Wimbledon last week, everything worked, and the ball acted as if it had corners. "No one could have lived with Laver today," said Australian Team Manager Alf Chave, after Laver's victory in the finals. "Mulligan's only chance

would have been to go out and buy a rifle."

If Laver's victory was a personal triumph, it was also a national disaster for the U.S., which failed to get a man past the quarterfinals. All four semifinalists at Wimbledon last week were Australians. Only in the ladies' division did the U.S. shine. Unseeded Billie Jean Moffitt knocked off Australia's top-seeded Margaret Smith in the tournament's biggest upset (TIME, July 6), went all the way to the quarter finals before losing to Britain's Ann Haydon. And in the finals, San Antonio's No. 8-seeded Karen Hantze Susman, 19 years old and recently married, made short work of Czechoslovakia's Vera Sukova, 6-4, 6-4, while her proud husband, a college student, watched happily from the stands.

Who Won

► **Al Oerter**, 25, two-time Olympic gold medal winner: the discus throw in the U.S.-Poland track meet, with a heave of 204 ft. 10½ in., breaking Russian Vladimir Trusenev's world record by 2 ft. 8 in. The U.S. won the meet, 131-81.

► **Murle MacKenzie Lindstrom**, 23, a little-known Florida professional golfer: the U.S. Women's Open at Myrtle Beach S.C., with one of the highest 72-hole scores (301) ever to win the 17-year-old tournament. Without a single victory to her credit in six years on the women's tour, Mrs. Lindstrom trailed the leader by six strokes after the first round and seemed out of it again. But she steadied in the next two rounds, fired a sharp last-round 73 in the rain to win by two strokes from Jo Ann Prentice and Ruth Jessen. Defending Champion Mickey Wright wound up tied for fourth with 306.

► **Soviet Russia's smooth-stroking crews:** the annual Independence Day regatta, in a sweep of all three international events—single sculls, double sculls and the eight-oared race—before a crowd of 50,000 lining the banks of the 2,000-meter course on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River.



WIMBLEDON WINNERS LAVER & SUSMAN
Australia had men; the U.S. had girls.

three

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SEA-GOING INSTRUMENTS

A sound bet for Monte Carlo.

Riviera Symphony

The fact that it was given on July 5th was not the only unusual feature of last week's Independence Day concert on the hangar deck of the carrier *Independence* off Cannes. The ship's jet engine noise absorbers were so effective that the music of the Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra had to be amplified. And the ventilators made such a racket that they had to be turned off, leaving Conductor Louis Frémaux and Guest Soprano Teresa Stich-Randall to dissolve in perspiration.

But the program, a bouillabaisse of Copland, Gershwin, Kern, Victor Herbert, Leonard Bernstein and Giuseppe Verdi, was an unqualified success. When the orchestra broke bouncily into the score of *West Side Story*, even the guests of honor, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, could not help tapping their feet. Despite the hazards of the location and the hackneyed nature of the music, the long concert was one more demonstration that under 40-year-old Conductor Frémaux the once-moribund Monte Carlo Orchestra is fast becoming one of Europe's most gifted ensembles.

In its palmy years, from 1890 to 1925, the Monte Carlo gave the world premières of major works by Berlioz, Ravel, Fauré, Honegger, Poulenc and Milhaud, attracted the famed Diaghilev Ballet. More recently it had become little more than a second-rate casino group catering to the international gambling set. Then, six years ago, in an effort to alter the popular, frivolous image of Monte Carlo as a play-boy playground, Rainier set out to refurbish his concert orchestra. His first—and canniest—move was to hire ex-French Foreign Legion Officer Frémaux.

People & Wars. Frémaux had come back to civilian life from a Legion tour of duty in Algeria just as Rainier began conductor hunting. Born in northern France Frémaux had studied piano briefly at Valenciennes Conservatory before World War II sent him into the Maquis. He went to St.-Cyr military academy at war's

MUSIC



CONDUCTOR FRÉMAUX AT REHEARSAL

end, served in Indo-China under General LeClerc. The experience, he thinks, was not altogether foreign to a musical career. "I learned a lot from my years in Indo-China; it was my discovery of the world; I saw people and wars." He was tempted to become a career Legion officer, but finally decided to return to music, resigned his commission and entered the Paris Conservatory in 1949.

Frémaux at first wanted to compose, but decided that it did not give him enough chance to "exteriorize myself." He turned to conducting and graduated with the conservatory's *Premier Prix* for leading an orchestra. An offer from an independent record company to make recordings of 18th century French music led Frémaux to his first *Grand Prix du Disque* (in 1955) and gave him a national reputation. But when he was called back to the Legion in 1956 for duty in Algeria, he had yet to show what he could do in a permanent conducting post.

Profile & Performance. His first step in Monte Carlo was to clear out the dead-wood; he got rid of aging, second-rate musicians and built an orchestra with an average age of only 37. Frémaux upped salaries, extended the orchestra season to eleven months, introduced a cycle of summer concerts in Rainier's Grimaldi Palace that now attracts such guest performers as Bernstein, Van Cliburn, Artur Schnabel. It was only after three years of arduous drilling that Frémaux felt he was ready to tour with his orchestra—with a repertoire that leans heavily on 18th century French music, the Russian and German romantics and "Mediterranean music"—the music of Italy and Spain.

A trim athletic man who moves gracefully on the podium, Frémaux seems to mesmerize female concertgoers with some of the matinee idol appeal of a Bernstein or a Von Karajan. If his orchestra continues to improve (he does not think it will reach its peak for another several years), Frémaux plans to try out his appeal in the U.S.—hopefully, in the winter of 1964.

A significant dialogue on the state of the U.S. economy

"Dear
Mr. President:"

"Dear David:"

AT A RECENT State Dinner at the White House, President John F. Kennedy and Banker David Rockefeller fell into conversation on the state of the U.S. economy. The President asked Mr. Rockefeller to put forth his views in a personal letter.

A few days ago the President told LIFE that this exemplified the kind of serious "dialogue" he wants to have with businessmen. LIFE has obtained the consent of the President and Mr. Rockefeller to publish the letter and the President's reply.

Together, these letters clarify many recent actions of the administration and the reactions of the business community. They provide thoughtful guidance on such perplexing questions as:

- What is causing the alarming drain on U.S. gold?*
- Is there any chance that we will devalue the dollar?*
- Does foreign aid threaten our own economic stability?*
- Can taxes be reduced while government expenditures increase?*
- Should we curb overseas investment? Tourist spending? Imports?*

Is a thorough overhaul of the nation's tax system in planning stage? When does it go into operation?

Should "foreign aid" nations be forced to buy American whatever the cost?

Are our allies likely to increase their share of joint defense costs?

Will we show another deficit in foreign payments this year?

Can we cut down military expenditures abroad?

Do we need a reduction in corporate income tax?

No one could exactly agree with both David Rockefeller and the President on what ails the economy, nor on the cure. But everyone who reads these letters will be better able to enter the dialogue knowledgeably and seriously. This is what the President wants every citizen to do.

The letters appeared in LIFE's issue of July 6th. If a copy is not handy, write for reprints to LIFE, Box 675, Radio City Station, New York 19.



CINEMA

The New Westerns

Ride the High Country. Grey is the color of the hero's hair. He helped bring law and order to the West, but civilization has made the former marshal (Joel McCrea) obsolete. Then he gets the offer of man's work: hankers in the town of Hornitos want him to pick up and transport gold along lonely trails from a new strike in the High Sierras at a place candidly christened Coarse Gold. He runs across another ex-lawman (Randolph Scott), who is picking up pennies as a carnival sharpshooter. Scott agrees to go along, and suggests a third partner, a sassy, fast-fast, trigger-quicker kid (Ronald Starr). The trio shortly becomes a quartet, as a naive but personable girl (Mariette Hartley) decides to swap the whip-hand threats of her religious zealot father for the ring-finger promises of a beau up at Coarse Gold.

The camp is squalid—it's only pretty the snow, its only building a brothel. The beau is not squalid, but his three brothers are, and they clearly expect to share communal marital privileges. When the terrified bride decamps on her wedding night and rejoins the gold-guarding trio, the serious shooting begins. The good-guy bad-guy struggle is dramatically tangled and intensified by the fact that Scott and Starr have intended all along to either sweet-talk or pistol-silence McCrea out of the gold.

This story could have been sheer slumgullion, but under Sam Peckinpah's stately direction it is a minor chef-d'oeuvre among westerns. Shot near California's Mammoth Lakes, the film owes much of its beauty to nature. The camera hovers with loving grace over limpid, mirror-bright pools, trees like green-hooded knights, and the rumpled grandeur of blue-blanketed mountains. *Ride the High Country* has a rare honesty of script, performance and theme—that goodness is not a gift but a quest. In the unburied tempo of their speech, their ease of bearing, the firm-lipped gravity of their faces, Actors McCrea and Scott give the action strength and substance. The western has always been a stance as well as a story; and when actors with the unforced dignity of McCrea and Scott go, the old breed of western will go with them.

Lonely Are the Brave. Grim, stinking trailer trucks, the mechanistic behemoths of progress, thunder blindly along the highway. Near the white line dividing traffic, a high-strung horse skitters, rears and neighs in the kind of wild-eyed terror and anguish that Picasso gives to the horse in *Guernica*. The symbolic question is clear: Is the untamed free spirit an outlaw that must learn to toe the white lines of the modern world or perish?

Like *Ride the High Country*, *Lonely Are the Brave* is about a Westerner whom civilization has made an anachronism. The film is a western in spirit and setting

but not in theme. Kirk Douglas plays a weatherbeaten cowpoke with mighty few cows left to poke. He is a loner, a maverick with a fence complex—he sees fences everywhere and hates them always. When he finds that an old pal is behind one—in jail—Douglas gets drunk, tangles with a barroom psycho, and manages to be thrown into the same hoosegow. He proposes to hacksaw some time off his friend's two-year sentence. But the pal has been tamed by a wife and child, and Douglas makes the jailbreak alone.

After that the movie becomes a manhunt, as the cowboy fugitive rides, tugs, curses and coaxes his horse Whisky up and up through cruel ridge country toward the hoped-for haven of an immense stand of forest. The machines come in again, but a rifle can still foil a helicopter



RANDOLPH SCOTT



JOEL MCCREA



KIRK DOUGLAS
Stance as well as a story.

and a rifle butt can stun a stupid, pursuing jail guard.

The sheriff (Walter Matthau) who heads the manhunt is not stupid, but a humane and humorous man who admires his adversary's gallantry at the same time that he pities his folly. Matthau is an actor of magnetic presence and great comic flair. In this film he looks like a young Robert Benchley and sounds almost as amusing. In a role that calls for him to be someone, rather than to act something, Kirk Douglas is totally and movingly convincing. Philip Lathrop's camera work has harsh dramatic clarity and Jerry Goldsmith's score just the right mixture of nostalgic balladry and percussive tension, and even when the hand of ironic coincidence seems to overshade a scene or two, Dalton Trumbo's script is refreshingly taut and literate. Pooling their skills, they have fashioned a film of distinction and signed it with honor.

Kingdom of Crime

The Concrete Jungle is a strange, taut, jagged British crime movie. Its cool, boppy jazz score composed by Johnny Dankworth surcharges the action, and at the same time keeps saying, with ironic nonchalance, "Tomorrow we die." Robert Krasker's camera work is broodingly desolate outdoors, stiflingly claustrophobic indoors, emphasizing always the jumpy, fragmented quality of modern existence.

What is most potentially fascinating in *Jungle* is also most subtle: U.S.-born Director Joseph Losey's vision of the world of crime as a self-contained universe without external points of reference. Normal society judges and humanizes itself from ethical and spiritual vantage points that are above society. The terror of criminal society, as Losey presents it, is that it is a kingdom of one-eyed men, whose lack of ethical depth perception prevents them from seeing, knowing, or redeeming themselves.

The criminal-hero marked for destruction is a tight-lipped swaggering cock of the prison walk named Johnny Bannion (Stanley Baker). Even Chief Warder Barrows (Patrick Magee) caters to Bannion. Indeed, Losey's knowing development of the prison's internal and external linkup of influence peddling helps to strengthen his portrait of the criminal's hermetically sealed environment.

Johnny gets out on parole. First night his cronies celebrate with a little corymbantic in which gangster cuties are sent slithering across tables, sofas and floors as casually as spilled drinks. Johnny finds a nude Continental bunny (Mariët Saad) in his own bed, and after that night she sticks as close to him as a birthmark. He has a bigger caper in mind, lifting £40,000 from a race track. To the synop-sized beat of the score, the job goes off with tingling finesse. In a bleak, snow-bitten field, Johnny digs a hole and buries his loot: two reels later, when the crime syndicate crushes him, it proves to be his grave. The sound track mourns and mocks him with the teasing, empty sensuality of a saxophone prison-ballad blues.



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ART



GILLES' "FISHERMEN"
As lonely as the gods.

The Hinterside of Life

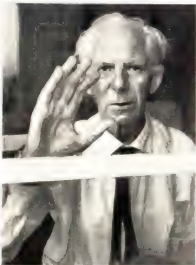
One day in 1944, a ragged column of Nazi conscripts marching toward Poland was suddenly startled when a middle-aged recruit dropped out of line, turned around, and started marching homeward at the same tempo. A sergeant barked at him to stop, but Painter Werner Gilles replied mildly and matter-of-factly, "That blackbird up in that tree just told me, 'No, no, Gilles, this can come to no good.'" In time, Adolf Hitler's army psychiatrists sent Gilles back to the safety of civilian life, but for the painter the talking blackbird had been as real as the barking sergeant.

Old friends of Werner Gilles, who died last year at the age of 66, recalled this story last week not to do his memory injury but simply to help explain the large retrospective on display at the Academy of Arts in West Berlin. The colors Gilles used were often crazy-quilt bright; but the apparent gaiety of his paintings is deceptive, for the glowing landscapes and childlike figures are always haunted. To Gilles, fantasy and reality were one and the same thing. Gilles was, says an old friend, "on everyday terms with the hinderside of life."

Every Shadow a Dragon. Until he began winning praise and prizes a few years ago, Gilles was one of the most chronically unsuccessful painters of his generation—and also one of the most enigmatic. He had been a favorite pupil of Lyonel Feininger at the Bauhaus, yet he showed no trace of Feininger's misty geometry. As a colorist, Gilles was a descendant of the expressionists; he also borrowed from Klee, Miró, Munch, and even Picasso. But his way of looking at things was always his own. He did not paint mountains,

but their inner anatomy; he could see demons in the cheeriest of scenes, could find menace lurking inside the most ordinary object. His world was like the nursery of an overimaginative child to whom every fleeting shadow on the wall is a dragon or a ghost.

He spent half of almost every year on the Mediterranean island of Ischia. His Ischia landscapes are among his best works, but they were more the landscapes of a dream than of nature. No sun bathed them; they seemed to be lit from within. And sometimes a tree or a mountainside would take on the shape of a bird, a face or a giant eye. Gilles painted



PAINTER GILLES
As real as the sergeant.

Ischia's fishermen, but they were as lonely as his gods, as tortured as his Ophelia and Lear. Whatever his subject, it was thick with melancholy.

Gilles loved music. Rimbaud and Verlaine. He suffered from occasional bleeding of the palms, probably caused by the turpentine he used while at work. It is said that he drank at least three liters of wine after dinner. But the wine never dimmed his eye or dulled his fantasies. He would return from an afternoon of painting and quietly announce, "I have been talking to the butterflies." Or he would report, on arising in the morning, "I spent the whole night with the Devil." He never lost his grip on reality, but it was obvious that he had access to another world.

Tantalizing Glimpse

Thomas Cardinal Wolsey, the Most Reverend Father in God, Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor of England, was, next to King Henry VIII, the most powerful man in the realm. But he was also still the poor boy from Ipswich who had constantly to prove himself. It was only natural, therefore, that when he decided to establish a private residence just outside London, it should be the most sumptuous one in the land. In 1514, he picked a site a few miles down the Thames from London. There stood a small manor belonging to the Knights Hospitallars of St. John of Jerusalem. In time, the manor became the great palace of Hampton Court.

Since Wolsey's day the place has undergone several transformations, notably at the hands of Sir Christopher Wren a century and a half later. Wren remodeled it for his royal masters, William and Mary. But Wolsey's apartments are still there, and it is said that sometimes at night His Eminence can be heard opening and shutting doors. This summer the thousands of tourists who descend upon Hampton Court can get something of the flavor of Wolsey's and Henry VIII's day, as the result of an elaborate restoration job performed by the Ministry of Works (see color). But the restoration has also given the art world an extra dividend: in restoring the 16th century paintings, the ministry uncovered some rare and priceless specimens from the 15th. One official has called them as exciting as the Leonardo cartoon owned by the Royal Academy.

A Sybarite's Passion. As far as historians know, Cardinal Wolsey was his own chief architect, and he certainly spared neither his talent nor his energies. When he had finished, Hampton Court probably covered eight acres of land, contained 1,000 rooms; was the largest single structure built in England since the days of the Romans. The cardinal employed 2,500 artisans and laborers, filled the place with ornaments and vessels of gold and silver, covered the beds and furnishings with the costliest silks. He had, in fact, a Sybarite's passion for finery, and he let it be known that he was not averse to accepting "official" gifts. At one point, when the Venetian government was pressing for some



CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CLOSET, part of Hampton Court apartment near London, has just been restored as Wolsey

knew it. Paintings and ceiling in Tudor Rose motif, once flaked and blistered, have regained their 16th century luster.

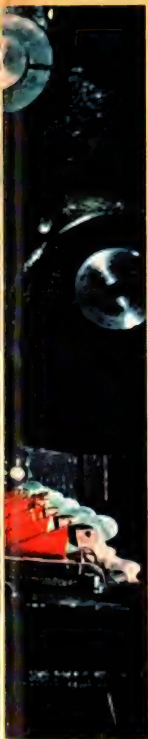


RESTORED PANELS reveal some history of closet's decoration. The large panel (left) is portrayal of the Resurrection.

while at right is fragment of the work that lay beneath, done by a 15th century master whose name is lost to history.



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Gen. Basil Duke arrives in New York at the end of the Civil War

General Duke had fought till the last, but now the war was over. Before returning home he visited New York, where friends held a reception in his honor. Old Crow quite naturally would be served, as Duke esteemed it "the most famous ever made in Kentucky."



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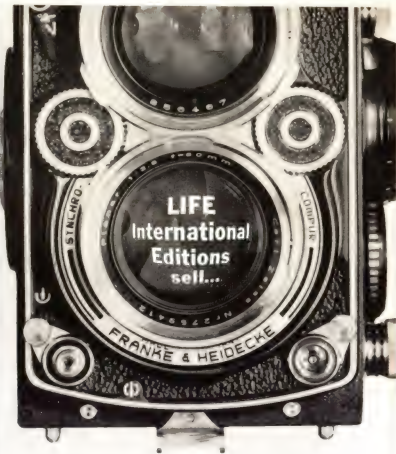
CARDINAL WOLSEY
Sometimes he is heard at the door.

trade concessions, its ambassador in London suggested that his superiors dispatch to Hampton Court 100 Damascene carpets at once. "To discuss the matter further until the cardinal receives his 100 carpets would be idle," he said.

With Wolsey's failure to get the King's marriage to Catherine of Aragon annulled, he fell into disgrace, and Henry deprived him not only of his chain of office but his palace as well. Since then, time has not always been kind to it. The small room known as Wolsey's closet was especially hard hit by history. Its ceiling was caked with grime; the paintings were so blistered, peeled and blackened with varnish that they were hardly worth looking at. It took restorers 18 months to complete their work.

The Rose Revealed. Cardinal Wolsey loved bright color. Under the layers of dirt, the restorers gradually revealed the brilliant Tudor blue ("byse") and gold work of the ceiling Wolsey ordered. It displayed the Tudor rose and the white plumes of the Prince of Wales, and it consists of 120 panels made up of a kind of papier-mâché. For the few panels that had been destroyed, the restorers finally came close to duplicating the material. One of its ingredients was goats' hair.

The Ministry of Works' chief restorer, Alistair Stewart, thinks that the 16th century paintings of the Passion were commissioned by Henry. Other panels were covered with a blackened 17th century overpainting of inferior quality. It was when the restorers X-rayed these for the 16th century work beneath that they found traces of an even earlier work. Stewart attributes the 16th century paintings to one Lambert Lombard, who, in blotting out the paintings already on the canvas, used a coat of solid color that actually preserved at least part of them. The restorers feel they have uncovered as much as the X rays indicate exists, and so the art world will have to be satisfied with this tantalizing glimpse of a work that must have been a masterpiece.



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Wausau Story



by EDWIN J. CASHMAN, President,
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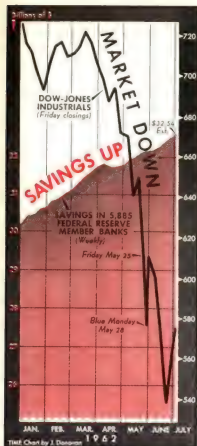
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U.S. BUSINESS



STATE OF BUSINESS

Too Much in the Bank

On Long Island last week, a young executive who is about to buy a house persuaded his bank to give him a whopping \$42,500 mortgage at the reasonable rate of 5½%. Chicago banks, whose mortgage rates ran as high as 6½% just 18 months ago, are now charging as little as 5½%. One Brooklyn bank is so eager to shovel out mortgage money that its appraisers cruise out to house sites in telephone-equipped cars so that they can report back faster. Says one San Francisco banker: "I'm dickering for a house loan myself. It's a good time to do it."

Times are good for borrowers because the nation's banks are caught in their own version of the profit squeeze. After the Federal Reserve boosted the permissible rate on savings deposits to 4½% last January, commercial banks found themselves obliged not only to pay higher interest but to pay it on a lot more money. The higher interest rates by themselves attracted new depositors, and since Blue Monday many more Americans have shifted out of stocks and into savings accounts. So far this year, savings deposits in the nation's Federal Reserve member banks alone have jumped by almost \$2½ billion. Grumps one Los Angeles banker: "We've got money coming out our ears."

The bankers' chief problem is to find

ways of making this money earn enough to cover the increased interest they must pay on it. Banks are pushing personal loans with vigor—as one New Yorker learned when she went to withdraw vacation money from her savings account and was talked into taking a loan instead. Above all, with demand for business loans soft because of sluggish capital spending, bankers are concentrating on the mortgage market—and cutting their long-term rates to attract mortgage business.

Curiously enough, the Government is working simultaneously to raise short-term interest rates. The thinking at the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board goes this way: since the Government's two-year-old policy of easy money has not stimulated much borrowing for business expansion, a slight tightening of short-term rates should not affect capital spending very much—but should help slow the nation's gold outflow by narrowing the spread between interest rates at home and abroad. In pursuit of this new policy the Federal Reserve has lately been reducing the nation's lendable money supply, and the Treasury has been trimming the amount of short-term credit available across the country by about \$500 million a week. As a result, the interest rate on 13-week Treasury bills last week hit a two-year high of 2.93½%.

But the Fed disclaims any intention of raising its more important discount rate, upon which banks base their prime rate, or most favored price for business loans. For the past two years, the discount rate has been held at 3½% and the prime rate at 4½%-4¾%. Says Chicago's Tilden Cummings, president of the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co.: "Until business improves very substantially, you won't see much change in the prime rate."

WALL STREET

For Technical Reasons

By long-standing tradition, traders on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange break into cheers whenever stocks move sharply upward. Last week stocks were again moving upward, but the cheering had a nervous ring. "I'm afraid of this rally," said one Wall Street expert. "It lacks conviction."

By week's end, the caution proved well-founded. After registering substantial gains for six successive trading days, the market faltered on Friday, July 6, and fell eight points, to close at 576.17 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, a country mile away from the high point of 734.01 last Dec. 13. For the week as a whole, the average picked up 15 points, but Friday's performance confirmed the suspicion of many analysts that the market was not beginning a major rally but only making a "technical adjustment"—a term that Wall Streeters use to describe a change in price levels which is caused not by visible political or economic events but rather by day-to-day traders responding almost mechanically to market conditions.

Last week's technical adjustment was helped by short sellers who earlier had borrowed stock and sold it, betting that they could replace it later at lower cost. Fortnight ago, when purchases by bargain-hunting professional investors began to pull the market up slightly from its June 26 low, the short sellers started buying to cover their commitments at levels that would still give them a profit. That sent the market up further—but as prices rose, the bargain hunters began to cut back on their buying, with the result that trading on the New York Stock



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Exchange declined to a listless 3,110,000 shares on Friday.

Most analysts see no dramatic upturn in stock prices in the immediate future. Wall Street opinion expects the market to wait for autumn and a clearer reading on the health of the U.S. economy before any significant trend develops.

INDUSTRY

The Top 500

Size alone is no safeguard against the profit squeeze of the sluggish 1960s. This is the key message of FORTUNE's eighth annual directory of the nation's 500 biggest industrial corporations. Though overall the companies on FORTUNE's 1961 list boosted their sales 2.2% to a record \$209 billion, their average after-tax profits on invested capital slid from 9.1% in 1960 to 8.3% last year.

Once again the Big Four were General Motors (1961 sales: \$11.4 billion), Jersey Standard (\$8.4 billion), Ford (\$6.7 billion) and General Electric (\$4.5 billion). Socony Mobil (\$3.32 billion) rose from sixth to fifth, overtaking U.S. Steel (\$3.3 billion). Only new face among the top ten was the nation's largest food processor, Chicago's Swift & Co. (\$2.48 billion), which moved back up to tenth place after slipping to eleventh in 1960. Swift's return to the top ten was a result of the decline of Chrysler, which, with sales off 20% to \$2.1 billion, skidded from seventh place in 1960 to twelfth place last year.

Curiously, 1961's most notable success stories were among companies which ranked well below the top ten. Impressive gains were reported by North American Aviation, which soared from 44th place up to 29th largely through increased sales of missile components and other electronic equipment; Singer Manufacturing, which rose from 86th to 77th by diversifying from sewing machines into other home appliances; and Newport News Shipbuilding, which advanced from 239th to 101st on the strength of Government orders for nuclear submarines. The high profitability of drugstore and door-to-door selling was clearly reflected by the companies with the highest earnings rates. Gillette led with a spectacular 40% return on invested capital, followed by Avon Products (31%), Smith Kline & French Laboratories (15%) and American Home Products (28%).

Some of the sharpest sales declines were in transportation. Budd Co., the Philadelphia trainmaker, dropped 28% in sales, and Douglas Aircraft 33%. And as in 1960, 24 of the nation's biggest industrial companies actually operated at a loss. General Dynamics, which lost a massive \$143 million on its jet-transport debacle (TIME, Sept. 15 et seq.), led the red-ink list. It was followed by J.I. Case (loss: \$32 million), Yuba Consolidated (\$14 million), Ling-Temco-Vought (\$13 million), Underwood (\$9 million) and Hearst (\$9 million). Of these seven heavy losers, all but Ling-Temco-Vought had also run in the red in 1960.



CASSINI

GILBERT IN RIO APARTMENT
Friendship marriage

FARR



SARLIE



ASPINALL

HIGH FINANCE

Picking Up the Pieces

Each morning, in his extradition-proof haven of Brazil, Edward Mortimer Gilbert, 38, trudges down to take the sun along Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana beach. Usually he is alone, brooding over the collapse of his financial empire (TIME June 22) in the aftermath of Wall Street's Blue Monday skid. But last week Eddy had a companion—handsome, French-born Olivier Coquelin, 32. Coquelin is the manager of a Manhattan café-society watering spot called Le Club, where Eddy, bedazzled by a "board of governors" that includes Noel Coward, Rex Harrison and the Duke of Bedford, was an eager member. Said the loyal Olivier: "I have come to see zat Eddie does not go to zee dogs."

Post-Mortem in Zurich. As they struggled to straighten out their own finances, it was more difficult to find such concern for Eddy Gilbert's welfare among other of his former friends and associates. Before he resigned as president of E. L. Bruce Co., Inc., and fled to Brazil, Gilbert admitted to writing \$1,953,000 in unauthorized company checks in a futile effort to meet margin calls on his stock in Bruce and Chicago's Celotex Corp. Fortnight ago, a federal grand jury charged fraud and ticked off 15 counts that, if proved, could put Gilbert in jail for 74 years. The same day the Internal Revenue Service filed tax liens of \$3,624,777 against Eddy and estranged wife Rhoda.

The reverberations of the Gilbert crash echoed in Europe, where Eddy had borrowed much of the money to underwrite his scheme for seizing control of Celotex. In Zurich, darkly smooth Abdullah Zilkha, 49, an Iraqi-born financier who makes a specialty of lending money to would-be securities-buyers on low margins but high interest rates, ruefully admitted that his

firm had some \$7,000,000 riding on Gilbert. "We won't know about our losses," said Zilkha, "until a post-mortem is made."

Wounds in the Jet Set. Also nursing wounds were some jet-set luminaries who had eagerly grabbed a ride on what looked like the Gilbert gravy train. In New York, Wall Street's McDonnell & Co., whose president is Henry Ford's brother-in-law brought suit against Man about Manhattan Jacques Sarlie, 47, a Dutch-born market operator and art collector, Sarlie, complained McDonnell, refused to pay for \$54,770 worth of Bruce and Celotex stock bought for his account. (Sarlie's rebuttal: McDonnell had bought the stock without his authorization, on orders from Eddy Gilbert.) Still another victim of Gilbert's downfall was his personal broker Francis Farr, a socialite customers' man for McDonnell & Co., who invested heavily in Bruce stock. Until Blue Monday Farr did so well that three months ago he was able to buy the late Dag Hammarskjöld's old maisonette on Park Avenue.

Farr was typical of Gilbert's associates. No man to prey on widows and orphans—Gilbert cultivated people who were able to help him socially in return for a ride on his financial coattails. Said one Manhattan socialite: "I always thought Gilbert was rather gauche, ill at ease and pushy. But I just felt that a guy that ambitious for himself might bring my money up with him." Wealthy London Dandy John Aspinall grew so fond of Eddy that in 1950 he threw a \$15,000 party for him in a Belgrave Square mansion decked out to resemble the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Among the 150 guests were such notable continental play people as Linda Christian and the Maharajah of Jaipur. Signed Aspinall last week: "Eddy is the most generous man I know. I'm most upset to see him in his present position."

This, however, was not the opinion

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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



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of Igor ("Ghigli") Cassini, who as the Hearst chain's "Cholly Knickerbocker" plays chief tale-teller to the jet set, and used to name-drop the Gilberts in his column with insistent frequency. "Ghigli didn't lose a potful," said Gilbert last week. "Well, maybe he did—for him. It was about \$10,000." Potful or not, Cassini's losses were big enough to have erased all his happy memories of the days when he enjoyed the expensive hospitality of the Gilberts' Riviera villa. Snapped Ghigli last week: "Nobody expected what happened. They thought Gilbert was a bluffer and a social climber, yes. But nobody expected him to be a crook."

CORPORATIONS

Running to Cover

As the inevitable shapely models splashed to music in a rooftop pool, the Boston-based Sheraton Corp. last week opened its new, \$12 million Sheraton Motor Inn on Manhattan's West Side. Billed as the "world's largest motel," the 20-story Motor Inn sits improbably among tatty warehouses beside the piers where the transatlantic liners dock, and offers its customers, along with free parking, a spectacular view of the Hudson. Judging from the first curious-tourist turnout, business should be good. But far from taking this as encouragement to go on to even bigger things, Sheraton President Ernest Henderson, 63, has just canceled \$25 million worth of further expansion. His reason: the Wall Street crash.

Though many businessmen take the stock market seriously as an economic barometer, Henderson lives by it. Says he: "We believe that stocks cause rather than predict depressions. So we have lived more darily than most companies in good times and run to cover more rapidly in impending hard times; we could afford to because the theory has never failed us." Few economists support his thesis, but his account books do.

Come with Me. Henderson's derring-do (when stock prices are right), as well as his skillfully frugal management, have pyramided Sheraton in 25 years from a single money-losing hotel to a corporate giant with estimated assets of \$400 million and 60 hotels scattered from Tel Aviv to Honolulu. (Sheraton, which has more hotels vying for the title of "world's largest hotel chain" with Hilton, which has more rooms.) And while occupancy rates in most U.S. hotels have dropped steadily in the past decade, Sheraton's rate has been climbing: in May it stood at 74%, 71.64% for the industry as a whole.

Henderson and Sheraton Chairman Robert Moore, 66—his partner since they roomed together at Harvard—run their empire from a large double-office in a warehouse-like building on the site of the Boston Tea Party. Henderson is spokesman and operating chief, but when financial transactions are involved, both men join in the negotiations. At Beacon Hill social gatherings, Henderson seems anything but a shrewd businessman as he hopes about snapping flash-gun pictures of

his fellow guests or sits down at the piano to torture the company with his own composition. *Come with Me* (sample line: "Even silly atoms know they should detonate"). Actually, he is a financial wizard who, along with the Zeckendorfs and the Urisers, was one of the first to see how a small stake could be parlayed into a real estate empire.

Refute Muckrakers. Neither Henderson nor Moore are innkeepers at heart. They started out after World War I with \$1,000 and a vague desire to refute those



SHERATON'S HENDERSON & MOORE.
Only the results support their theory.

muckrakers who argued that no business could grow big without violating ethical standards. In 1931, after trying everything from radio manufacturing to importing German shepherd dogs, they set up one of the nation's first mutual funds and in the course of making investments for it acquired the struggling Stonehaven Hotel in Springfield, Mass. Impressed with the swiftness with which the Stonehaven's earnings responded to rigorous management, they bought more hotels and formed Sheraton Corp. (named after one of their first hotels, which had a costly electric sign that they did not want to discard.)

Their hotels are clean, comfortable and well run, but not among those that cater most to luxurious whims. Henderson's cost-consciousness—he campaigns endlessly against such minor extravagances as leaving unused lights burning—makes this inevitable. "It is no longer possible to maintain all the costly traditions that sentiment once dictated," he once wrote. "Harsh economic facts relentlessly require attention." When a Sheraton hotel is remodeled, the rule is that any improvement must be able to return at least 15% on investment in good times; 20% in recessions.

Ample Warning. Another key to Sheraton's rapid growth is Henderson's skillful use of federal depreciation allowances to reduce taxable income and to provide

money for further expansion. His method keeps profits low (61¢ per share or 0.8% of estimated net worth last year), but sends assets skyrocketing. To spread the Sheraton name without tying up Sheraton funds, Henderson has begun taking on management of hotels built by others, e.g., a syndicate headed by New York Real Estate Tycoon Louis J. Glickman owns the new Motor Inn. Last week Henderson announced that Sheraton will franchise other hotelmen to use its well-advertised name and nationwide reservation service in much the same way that Howard Johnson's does.

Henderson feels that he can risk almost reckless expansion in good times because of his confidence that the stock market will give him ample warning of when to pull back. Market crashes cause recessions, he argues, because the ease with which stocks can be converted into cash or used to back loans actually makes them part of the nation's monetary supply (20% of total security values should be figured into the nation's buying power, he believes). To Henderson, the \$36 billion loss in paper values of stocks since last December's high is thus a real loss in purchasing power, and he suggests that "there is extreme danger that we're heading into a recession at this time." But for all his short-run pessimism, Henderson is still solidly optimistic about the long-range prospects of the economy—and Sheraton. His goal: a billion-dollar company within ten years.

PUBLIC POLICY The Underdeveloped U.S.

The honorable gentlemen of Japan could hardly be blamed if seen tittering behind their fans last week. On the front page of Tokyo's top financial daily, *Nihon Keizai*, appeared the startling news that the Kennedy Administration was pleading with Japanese industrialists to build plants in such "underdeveloped" areas as Kansas, North Carolina and New Jersey. "This request by the U.S., hitherto leader of the free world in the development of less advanced countries, came as a surprise to the Japanese Foreign Office," crowed *Nihon Keizai*.

Indeed it did—and to Americans as well. Growled Republican Congressman William Avery of Kansas: "Wichita has an abundance of skilled labor available, but I hardly believe we need to import Japanese capital and ideas to utilize it." In Washington, red-faced Administration officials hastily set the record straight. *Nihon Keizai* had built its overblown story on brochures that the Commerce Department sent last March to U.S. embassies in Europe and Japan. They were part of a campaign to attract more foreign investment to the U.S. as a way to alleviate unemployment and the balance-of-payments deficit. Though the Japanese were among the recipients, the Commerce Department really expected no significant Japanese response because of high U.S. labor costs and tight Japanese restrictions on capital exports.



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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Low-Flying Dutchman

In Europe as in the U.S., the jet age is a convenience to passengers and a financial headache to the airlines. Between the high costs of the switchover to jets and the bitter competition for passengers to fill the bigger jets, West Germany's Lufthansa last year lost about \$25 million, Scandinavia's SAS about \$17 million, and Britain's BOAC at least \$28 million. Latest victim of the jet squeeze: The Netherlands' KLM, one of Europe's few privately managed airlines, and long among its most profitable.

Last year KLM showed a loss of \$21 million, the biggest in its 42-year history. This year, with losses up to \$11 million in the first quarter alone, KLM's prospects look worse. Declaring that "our existence as a major airline is at stake," KLM President Ernst van der Beugel recently announced to his 17,300 employees plans to cut costs by 13%—largely by lopping 2,000 people off the payroll. This week the Dutch Parliament will take up Van der Beugel's desperate request for a government guarantee of \$104 million in new bank loans for KLM, and an immediate \$14 million loan to keep it from running out of cash.

Though Van der Beugel will probably get the money, his appeal is KLM's biggest break yet with its tradition of stubborn independence. An even greater break may be in the making. Four years ago, the principal Common Market airlines—Lufthansa, Air France, Alitalia and Belgium's Sabena—began to discuss pooling of their resources in a European Air Union in order to compete more effectively with Pan Am, TWA, and other international lines. KLM walked out after the first meetings in disgust at its proposed share of the combined revenues. But Dutch parliamentarians are unlikely to be willing to subsidize KLM permanently for the sake of national prestige, and Van der Beugel now says that KLM is watching the Air Union negotiations "with great interest." Translation: Won't you please invite us back, fellas?

BRITAIN

Atomic Dividends

Under the incurious eyes of a flock of wild geese, a portentous countdown ran its course last week on the isolated Essex marshes in southeastern England. Inside a long, concrete control room, white-coated engineers made final adjustments on the No. 1 reactor of the Bradwell nuclear power plant and started delivering electricity to London, 45 miles away. Bradwell and the newly opened Berkeley plant in Gloucestershire are the first fruits of the world's most ambitious atomic power program: Britain's drive to build ten reactors capable of meeting 10% (4,000,000 kw.) of British electricity needs by 1968.

U.S. utility men, who are currently trying out eight different kinds of reactor in search of the most efficient design, tend to question the speed of the British program. They argue that the government-owned British power industry was too quick to freeze on a single type of gas-cooled reactor, and point out that even after Bradwell hits full stride, the U.S. will still produce more atomic electricity (1,001,000 kw. v. 935,000 kw.) than Britain. But the U.S., with its abundant coal, oil and water power, regards its

Explains a government economist: "Our nuclear program is like life insurance. You pay heavy premiums over a number of years, but eventually you collect good dividends."

WEST GERMANY

Second Miracle

Though the much-touted German economic miracle has lost some of its sheen lately, unemployment in West Germany last month dropped to its lowest level since World War II. The number of West Germans currently out of a job is down to 97,500—mostly unemployables—out of a total labor force of 27 million. West German businessmen have already imported nearly 700,000 foreign workers and have 626,000 job openings going begging.

THE SATELLITES

Communist Meissen Ware

In the old days, when the rulers of Europe faced a balance-of-payments problem, they turned not to economists but to alchemists, who always seemed to be just on the verge of discovering how to turn base metal into gold. In 1709, Johann Friedrich Böttger, an alchemist employed by Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, hit upon something almost as good as gold: using wig powder as a base, he produced Europe's first true porcelain. To keep the secret, Augustus shut Böttger up in a dank castle in the Saxon village of Meissen and told him to produce china without even letting any single employee learn the entire formula. Ever since, the translucent, richly decorated porcelain turned out by the Meissen works has been one of Europe's most prized and best-paying products.

Nowadays Meissen is earning funds for another hard-pressed ruler. At the close of World War II, the shattered Meissen factory fell to the Soviets, who—while caring off so many other factories as "reparations"—shrewdly set about getting the porcelain works back into production as quickly as possible. Though workers in other East German plants have usually been bullied and ideologically "reformed" by Communist bosses, the 900 Meissen workers have been left in relative peace to do their jobs in the painstaking traditional way. As a result, while most East German goods are hopelessly shoddy, Meissen china has retained its traditional quality, commands a steep price wherever it is sold, e.g., a twelve-place dinner setting of the best-selling "Blue Union" design costs \$500 in New York. Next to optical products and cameras, Meissen is East Germany's best hard-currency earner.

G.I.s learned about Meissen when it was a major barter item on the German black market immediately after the war and transmitted a taste for it (as well as whole cases of it) to their families back home. Recently sales of new Meissen to the U.S. and other Western countries have



KLM's VAN DER BEUGEL
Angling for an invitation.

nuclear power program as mainly experimental, and does not expect it to account for much more than 1% of the nation's electricity needs even in 1980.

Britain has a more pressing problem. By the mid-1970s, British electricity consumption is expected to double. To supply the extra 50 million tons of coal that this would require each year is probably beyond the capacity of the nationalized British coal mines, and the 1956 Suez crisis indelibly etched on Britain's consciousness the risks and expense of relying on imported oil. To reduce to a minimum their dependence on imported fuel, the British hope by the 1970s to make atomic reactors second only to coal as a power source in Britain.

So far, the British have not been much more successful than U.S. utilities in bringing the cost of atomic electricity down to competitive levels: the power produced at Bradwell and Berkeley still costs substantially more than electricity generated with coal. But some time between 1970 and 1973, when the construction costs of the nuclear plants are finally paid off, the longer life of atomic fuel should even things up. This ten-year wait for a payoff does not worry the British.

slackened. Hemmed in by Communist artistic canons, the company has failed to turn out successful modern designs, instead relies on old patterns which contemporary Westerners find too rococo.

But at least one new market is opening up. West German industrialists doing business in the new African states have found that Meissen vases are highly prized there. The vases are costly (\$800-\$1,500) and usually are decorated with goddesses cavorting among wispy pink clouds. No prudent German businessman these days would think of leaving for Africa without stowing a few in his luggage to ease his way through negotiations.

DENMARK

The Man Who Bought a Country

The richest man in Denmark—and reputedly one of the richest in the world—is shy, strapping A. P. (for Arnold Peter) Møller, who, at 85, still likes to sail himself to work in his sloop *Karama III*. In his storybook rise from merchant's apprentice, Møller (pronounced roughly *Mews-lehr*) has always believed in one precept besides making money: do something for Denmark. Mostly, what he has done for Denmark is to invest in it. With the profits earned abroad by his 85-ship Maersk Line and his 25,000-acre Tanganyika sugar plantation, he has built his country's biggest industrial empire, which ranges from shipyards to petrochemical plants and employs 9,000 Danes.

Last week Møller was once again doing something for Denmark. Concerned lest the nation's natural resources fall into foreign hands, Møller has persuaded the Danish government to give him the oil and natural gas rights for the entire country except Greenland and the Faroe Islands. In return, Møller will set up a \$6,000,000 exploration company and has promised the government royalties ranging up to 12% of the value of any oil he finds.

The deal must be approved by Parliament before it becomes final, but no snags are expected, for in Denmark Møller is a national hero. Besides, although Gulf Oil has spent \$15 million looking, no trace of oil has ever been found in Denmark.



MØLLER ON "KARAMA III"
Sailing to an empire.



IDEMITSU

Riding the political tides.



NISSHO MARU

ASIA

Again the Rising Sun

"To us he is like a father," say his workers. "I hate him," grimaces a competitor. "He is a statesman," purrs Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan. The object of these vastly divergent judgments: wispy Sazo Idemitsu, 76, the Far East's fastest rising oilman and the prime pipeline through which Soviet Russia pumps its oil into the rapidly expanding Japanese market.

Last year alone Idemitsu (pronounced *Eed-ay-mee-ts*) imported more than 9,000,000 bbl. of Soviet oil, which Moscow sold to him at roughly 40% below world prices in order to finance purchases of Japanese machinery. Idemitsu cracks the oil at his Tokuyama refinery—the Orient's biggest—and then markets much of it from his chain of 1,500 modernistic gas stations. His competitors, bitter at Idemitsu's price cutting, charge that his operations will make Japan overly dependent on Russian crude. Idemitsu answers that less than 7% of Japan's oil now comes from Russia, and that almost 80% of his own supply is bought from the West, chiefly from U.S. operators in Texas and the Middle East. "I have no interest in politics," says Idemitsu with a soft smile, "but I hope to promote international friendship in the oil business."

Sudden Comfort. Despite his professed disinterest in politics, Idemitsu owes his success largely to a canny ability to ride the political tides. He started with one small retail oil outlet in 1911 and steadily expanded across Japan. Then he followed the invading Japanese army into China in the 1930s, pushing out U.S. and British oil companies. It was a wry joke among Japanese soldiers that whenever they captured a Chinese town, the first Japanese civilians to arrive were the "comfort girls" and an Idemitsu man.

Japan's World War II defeat cost Idemitsu his overseas properties, but he bounced back when the Korean war boomed demand for oil, and in 1953 be-

came something of a national hero by buying oil from Iran's newly nationalized fields in open defiance of the big U.S. and British oil companies. Since then, Idemitsu has become strong enough to challenge anybody. When the Pentagon last Dec. 21 cut him off as a supplier to U.S. military jets in Japan because of his dealings with Russia, Idemitsu called the boycott "an odd Christmas gift," but "utterly negligible." True enough: last year, the Idemitsu Kosan Co. rang up sales of \$275 million, second largest of any Japanese oil company.* Of this, the U.S. Air Force bought little more than 1%.

Hung Up to Dry. To Idemitsu, who champions the cause of keeping Japan's "racial capital" intact, all other major Japanese oil companies are somehow tainted because Western companies hold substantial interests in them. Idemitsu stock is owned 40% by the Idemitsu family and 60% by the company's employee welfare fund, which pays handsome benefits to workers upon retirement. But Idemitsu boasts that old workers are never pressured to retire and had ones are never fired; even chronic drunkards are merely sent to dry out for a few months in a Buddhist monastery at company expense. A devout Shintoist and emperor worshiper himself, Idemitsu keeps a shrine in his conference room for praying in spare moments, and regularly leads new employees in a ceremonial bowing toward the Imperial Palace in Tokyo.

This week Idemitsu will preside over the launching of the world's biggest tanker, a 131,000-tonner, which he plans to use as a "floating pipeline" to import oil from the Middle East. His blushing daughter Junko will swing the champagne bottle, but since the huge ship is too bulky to slide down the ways, water will be let into its massive drydock until it is afloat. The new tanker's name is *Nissho Maru*, which means "Rising Sun," and at the launching there will be banzais all around.

* The biggest: Tokai, Nippon Oil, with 1961 sales of \$311 million.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Franz Josef Strauss, 46, bumptious, burly West German Defense Minister, and Marianne Zwicknagl Strauss, 32; their third child, first daughter; in Munich.

Born. To Edward Durell Stone, 60, Arkansas-born architect, and Second Wife Maria Torch Stone, 35; their second child, first daughter; in London.

Died. Rex Bell (real name: George Beldam), 58, Nevada's ten-gallon lieutenant governor and the Republican nominee in this year's gubernatorial race, who in 1931, as a six-gun star of the silent screen, eloped with Clara (the "It Girl"). Bow, once owned a 600,000-acre ranch, which he sold in 1953 when he won office; of a heart attack; in Las Vegas.

Died. Vice Admiral James Harmon Thach Jr., U.S.N. (ret.), 61, chief of staff to NATO's Atlantic Fleet (1955-57), a dry-witted gunnery officer who was one of the first to develop rocket armament for the navy, brother of Vice Admiral John Smith ("Jimmy") Thach, 57, chief of the Pacific Fleet's Anti-Submarine Warfare Force; of cancer; in Old Lyme, Conn.

Died. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, 60, onetime St. Louis newspaperman who joined Hollywood's stable of screenwriters in 1928, but left in 1955 to put TV's horse opera *The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp* high on the Trendex trail; by his own hand (pistol); in Oxnard, Calif.

Died. William Faulkner, 64, U.S. novelist, winner of the Nobel Prize; of a heart attack; in Oxford, Miss. (see Books).

Died. The Rev. Dr. H. (for Helmut) Richard Niebuhr, 67, Sterling Professor of Theology and Christian Ethics at Yale Divinity School, Missouri-born younger brother of Union Theological Seminary's Reinhold Niebuhr, 70, a theologian who sought to rearm Christian symbols long chilled into clichés, who once observed: "In the West the most sensitive, if not yet most, men are living in a great religious void; their half-gods are gone and the gods have not yet arrived"; of a heart attack; in Greenfield, Mass.

Died. John Christie, 80, a onetime Eton science master who devoted his million-dollar inheritance to founding the Glyndebourne Opera (in 1934) on his Sussex estate, turned it into a musical mecca where Britain's bluebloods enjoyed summer festivals of mostly Mozart; at Glyndebourne, England.

Died. Dr. Bidhan Chandra Roy, 80, India's autocratic Chief Minister of West Bengal, including Calcutta, since 1948, a bachelor, who as Mahatma Gandhi's personal physician kept his patient alive during the freedom fasts by sugaring his orange juice; of a stroke; in Calcutta.

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BOOKS

He Will Prevail

You try to say and sum up something, an impression of life, in what necessarily is a small space, and you're given only sixty years to do it. Sazin' a few exceptions that's all anybody has: a short time.

—William Faulkner

The time of William Faulkner was long enough for his work to be read, misread, raged at and, for a long while, largely forgotten. By 1945 not one of his novels was in print in the U.S. Neglect suited Faulkner well enough; he was a shy man and as indifferent to the reception of his work as it is possible for an artist to be. But before long, reporters were straining his Southern civility. The praise of a few perceptive U.S. critics had stirred interest in Europe, and in 1950 Faulkner received the Nobel Prize. By last week, when William Faulkner died of a heart attack at 64, presidents and professors alike lifted their voices to acclaim his life and mourn his death.

He was a little (5 ft. 5 in.) whippet of a man, with the manners of a Southern aristocrat and the look of a river-boat gambler. He never finished college, hated literary talk ("I'm not a literary man. I'm a retired farmer"), often spoke like a country yokel (spattering his conversation with *ain'ts* and double negatives), and drank like a desperate man. Above all, he was—like his forefathers before him—a Mississippian.

Out of the "rich deep black alluvial soil" of Mississippi, Faulkner created a darker earth: Yoknapatawpha County, a fictional field 2,400 square miles in breadth and two centuries in depth, veined with the spilled blood of successive owners—the Indians, the Spanish, the French for a moment in time, then the Anglo-Saxons, "roaring with Protestant scripture and boiled whisky, changing the face of the earth: felling a tree which took 200 years to grow, in order to extract from it a bear or a capful of wild honey."

Rousing Robble. Yoknapatawpha and its county seat, Jefferson, have their pale counterpart in actuality: Lafayette County and Oxford, where Faulkner lived, worked and occasionally puzzled his mildly curious fellow citizens. "The posted woods on my property contain several tame squirrels," he advised them a few years ago in a sarcastic no-trespassing notice he published in the weekly *Oxford Eagle*. "Any hunter who feels himself too lacking in woodcraft and marksmanship to approach a dangerous wild squirrel, might feel safe with these." But the real county is the one Faulkner invented, just as the real Troy is Homer's. Faulkner began to survey his birthright in 1929, with his third novel, *Sartoris*, modeling

its chief character after his own great-grandfather, Colonel William Falkner (as the name was spelled then). The old colonel, a Civil War hero, railroad builder, bad novelist in the manner of Walter Scott, and excellent knife- and gunfighter in the manner of Wild Bill Hickok, was more than a ready-made fictional hero; he was an embodiment of aristocratic tradition. As it happened, successive Falkners had successively less gumption. Novelist William, fourth in line, had in his father and grandfather suggestions of the thinning Sartoris and Compson clans—weak and neurotic aristocrats who let slip inherited wealth and inherited tradition.

Waiting to grab the wealth, and caring



WILLIAM FAULKNER
Historian of a darker soil.

not a squirt of tobacco juice for tradition, are the Snopeses, the most rousing-ly written rabble ever to infest a novel. Their founder and archetype is Flem Snopes, the blank-eyed son of a horse thief who arrives in Yoknapatawpha during the 1890s and proves his mettle by cheating the sewing-machine agent, previously the slyest man around. Flem takes over the town of Frenchmen's Bend, and soon Snopeses are upon the county like rats. Their rise, which in Faulkner's view reflects the South's post-Civil War decline, is chiefly chronicled in *The Hamlet* (1940), *The Town* (1957) and *The Mansion* (1959).

"That Morbid Stuff." Almost everything that Faulkner cared to write from 1929 on fit easily into his vast loose scheme (with the exception of *The Fable*, a religious allegory). Since the scheme

was a tract of land, not a piece of architecture, nothing could unbalance it. He was free to try a full-dress period novel (*Absalom! Absalom!*), trivial contemporary whodunits (*Knights Gambit*), any amount of roistering backwoods humor (*The Spotted Horses*), or an allegorical novella (*The Bear*). The dark soil supported it all.

Faulkner is often charged with being obsessed with violence. Author Mickey Spillane once asked: "Why does he go in for all that morbid stuff?" More justly, he has been reproached for a style that seems deliberately obscurantist, in which events seem to occur in blurred, faintly unreal slow motion as if they were happening underwater. A reader begins to feel he must surface for a breath of air, or suffocate. "Bill, when you write those things, are you drinkin'?" asked his cousin Sallie. It was a question even friendly critics had sometimes thought of. Faulkner's answer—"Not always"—was as near as he ever came to self-defense.

Particularly in his later books, this style often degenerated into mere mannerism, often seemed to be indulged out of sheer whim or laziness. But in his best works, Faulkner built his oblique parenthesis-architectures with artful care. In the often cited fourth section of *The Bear*, for instance, he attempts several things that require complexity: he evokes nostalgia and anguish more intensely than would be possible with direct statements; and, without blunting his point by stating it directly, he shows the painfully oblique way a Southern mind at the turn of the century would have approached the realization that slavery was a curse on the land. Perhaps as important, he inserts a slow movement between brisk sections of a hunting story in the same way he might have done if he had been composing a concerto.

Through the Roof. The perplexer of critics began by puzzling his parents; he was obviously bright, but too lazy to finish high school (later he took a few courses at the University of Mississippi). Instead, he hung about the courthouse in Oxford, listening to the old whittlers tell lies to one another. In 1918, he joined the R.A.F. (the U.S. Army Air Service turned him down because he was too short). He got no nearer to combat than a training area in Canada, but came home with a leg injury nevertheless; on Armistice Day he and another pilot had taken a plane and a bottle aloft, stunted for a while and then plowed to an upside-down landing on the hangar roof.

"I was running whisky in New Orleans back in Prohibition days, and I met Sherwood Anderson," Faulkner used to explain when someone asked how he started to write. His first novel, *Soldier's Pay*, was published in 1926, but Faulkner

had to make his living by odd jobs (including an epic failure as postmaster at Ole Miss) until *Sanctuary*, his seventh book, came out five years later. For almost the only time in his life he showed bitterness in public: boasting in a preface that the book was a "cheap idea" written only for money. But the money came, and when it was gone Faulkner had his choice of temporary film jobs. Married by now to Mississippian Estelle Oldham, he settled down to what would be his life for 30 years—quiet stretches in Oxford interrupted by occasional forays to the Hollywood money-orchard (he conserved money in odd ways, perhaps to put off visits to California; often he mailed his personal letters in old business-reply envelopes with the addresses scratched out).

He had no small talk, and was often abstracted; stalking around Oxford with his pipe in his teeth, he frequently passed close friends in the street without seeing them, or with only a cursory nod. He once told an interviewer: "If I were reincarnated, I'd want to come back a buzzard. Nothing hates him or envies him or wants him or needs him; he is never bothered or in danger, and he can eat anything."

Faulkner was deeply troubled by the uproar over school integration, and two years before the height of the Little Rock troubles, he told an interviewer: "I don't like enforced integration any more than I like enforced segregation. . . . As long as there's a middle road, all right. I'll be on it. But if it came to fighting, I'd fight for Mississippi against the United States even if it meant going out into the street and shooting Negroes."

Deceptive Date. There were occasional drunks, too: Bill Faulkner had more violence in him than he could let out by writing, and he was too polite ever to raise his voice. His drinking bouts lasted for weeks, and relatives used to sit in relays with him as they ran their course. He launched into one just before he was slated to go to Stockholm to pick up his Nobel Prize, and his family, worried he might not come out of it in time, set the calendar ahead. Then someone said something about the local high school football game. Faulkner sat up in bed and snapped: "Somebody's been deceivin' me! They don't play football on Tuesday. I got three more days to drink."

But his acceptance speech for the Nobel Prize was eloquent: "Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself. He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old ver-

ties and truths of the heart. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands."

"Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood alone and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail."

It was, of course, what Faulkner had been saying all along.



NOVELIST LESSING:
Art out of a tree of chestnuts.

Current Books

THE GOLDEN NOTEBOOK, by Doris Lessing (567 pp.; Simon & Schuster; \$5.95). In her twelfth book, British Novelist Doris Lessing copes with not just one literary chestnut but a whole treeful: the sexual odyssey of a bachelor girl, the political disillusionment of a onetime Communist, the maladjustment of the over-educated modern woman. She succeeds in creating a remarkable heroine (possibly her alter ego) who somehow manages believably to combine the qualities of Kitty Foyle, Arthur Koestler and Simone de Beauvoir. Like Mrs. Lessing, Heroine Anna Wulf is a divorced writer who explains, in four different notebooks why she is too troubled to write. Her black notebook looks back to an African experi-

ence that led to her first novel. The red records her political and intellectual life in London. The blue dissects her problems with men—which are considerable. The yellow has bits and pieces of professional writing. Individually, any one notebook gives an unsatisfactory picture of Anna, but by switching back and forth between the books, Author Lessing delineates, clearly and subtly, the relationships between the conflicting parts of a complex personality.

CONFLICT, by Robert Leckie (448 pp.; Putnam; \$6.95). In this first full-scale history of the Korean war, former Marine Robert Leckie dramatically reconstructs the bloody, bitter battles of a frustrating war. He brings alive the shock of the North Korean invasion, the "bumous" of terrified G.I.s, the blare of Chinese bugles in the night, the quiet heroism of soldiers and marines dying on nameless hillsides in an alien land. Like many another marine, Leckie has a low opinion of General Douglas MacArthur, whom he chafes with making a fatal mistake in splitting his forces for the dash to the Yalu River. Result was the disastrous rout of U.S. forces by the Chinese Communists, so poignantly described by S.L.A. Marshall in *The River and the Gamble*. But Leckie believes that the war was worth its high cost of 33,629 American lives. "In Korea," he writes, "invasion was repelled, and in such manner as to remind the world that an invader need not be destroyed to be repulsed. To gnash one's teeth because the invader escaped destruction is to revert to that concept of 'total war' which is no longer possible without mutual total destruction. Of Korea, then, it is enough to say: It was here that Communism suffered its first defeat. That was the only victory possible."

THE WEDDING, by Angel M. de Lera (242 pp.; Dutton; \$3.95). Spanish writers from Lope de Vega to Garcia Lorca have had a fascination for blending love and death in scenes of grotesque horror. In this tale by Spanish Novelist de Lera, the characters are clichés, and their talk is monotonous. But the novel comes powerfully alive when it reaches the love-death climax of a wedding night. The groom-to-be, Luciano, settles in a small, primitive town, picks a local beauty to marry. He has no trouble bribing her parents to let her go, but the rest of the townspeople fiercely resent an outsider taking one of their girls. They regard him with a "hated steaming with hot blood and entrails." On his wedding day, he tries to appease the townspeople with a band he has hired, fireworks and 120 gallons of wine. But no sooner has he retired for the night with his bride than a band of hooligans show up. At first they behave in the traditional manner. They serenade the bride with dirty songs impugning her chastity. They hold a "cats concert," in which cats and dogs are tied up and encouraged to fight to the death, snarling and whining, under the bridal window.

But then the pranksters smash the windows. Luciano is stabbed, staggers back to the bedroom, and dies deflowering his bride. As a commentary on the modern Spanish scene, *The Wedding* provides tourists with a useful tip: rural weddings can be as bloody as bullfights.

SOME HUMAN ODDITIES, by Eric J. Dingwall (198 pp.; University Books; \$6) and GHOST AND GHOUL, by T. C. Lethbridge (156 pp.; Doubleday; \$3.75). In bygone days in Merry England, no one thought twice about seeing ghosts; they were as common a household item as chairs and tables. Today an estimated one out of every five English men and women still sees ghosts or experiences "psychic phenomena," but in keeping with the times scrutinizes them scientifically. Researcher Eric Dingwall analyzes some classic ghosts and ghost seers with the latest tools of his trade, including psychiatry and statistical research. Most famous is the 19th century Scotsman Daniel Dunglas Home, who set up a salon in Paris where he produced table rappings, voices, visions, and even floated out the window, and numbered among his fascinated visitors Trollope, Hawthorne, the Brownings, Napoleon III and his Empress Eugénie. With proper scientific detachment, Dingwall refuses to say whether these supernatural doings were real or imaginary; evidence points both ways. No such doubts trouble Author Lethbridge, an archaeologist who has often seen ghosts and has even sketched a few in his book. Ghosts are plentiful, he believes, because they are natural phenomena. "A ghost, ghoul, or uncanny sound," he writes, "is far more likely to be thought projection from one of your fellow men, still living on earth, than it is to be a broadcast from the outside." In other words, a ghost is simply a television picture, minus the sound, which is transmitted from one person to another.

THE HANDS OF ESAU, by Hiram Haydn (784 pp.; Harper; \$7.50). It is the summer of a middle year for Walton Herrick, but it seems to him the winter of his life-time. His third wife quits him and with her go their children. What a time to be urged to run for Governor! What a time to be caught in the clash of two cliques down at the foundation! Herrick—man of both sensitivity and substance—is in a Nixonian crisis or worse, and it causes his whole life to pass before his eyes. The process requires 784 pages, a great deal of recollection-in-miniature, and a wearisome whirligig of literary techniques that makes this long novel seem all the longer.

As editor of *The American Scholar* and Athenaeum Publishers, Author Haydn, 54, has earned a reputation for scrupulous taste and sympathetic insight. But as an author, he commits gaucheries and piles up prolixities that as an editor he should have blenched at. Perhaps it is because the book is almost embarrassingly autobiographical. And at the end, the reader learns that the book is merely the first part of an unfinished trilogy.



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Sky Above—The Mud Below returns, in grittily absorbing documentary fashion, to the Stone Age. Filmed in the cruel, uncharted jungle of interior New Guinea, it is a salute to man's unquenchable zest for adventure and a pictorial diary of age-old sociological cruels, from headhunting to mock-birth rituals.

Boccaccio '70 is an erotic movie triptych brilliantly but unevenly fashioned by Directors Fellini, Visconti and De Sica. Sophia Loren, Anita Ekberg and Romy Schneider are the sex goddesses involved.

The Notorious Landlady gives Jack Lemmon the chance to show what a fine funnyman he is in a playful mystery-comedy set in London. Kim Novak is delectably Kim Novak, and it would be churlish to ask for anything more.

Lolita has lost her nymphomaniac rating since she left the perverse and remarkable novel by Vladimir Nabokov, and the resulting film romance between teen-ager (Sue Lyon) and a middle-aged émigré (James Mason) is commonplace and flaccid. Peter Sellers provides much-needed comic relief.

Stowaway in the Sky will enchant mopey, matron and greybeard with its breath-catching, balloonist's-eye view of the fair land of France.

Merrill's Marauders, in its quiet, under-keyed way, keeps a dirge of arms and the brave men who bore them in the suffocating jungle warfare behind the Japanese lines in Burma.

A Taste of Honey is pressed from the bitterly squalid urban honeycombs of the English poor. Not a drop of meaning has been spilled in transferring the play by Britain's angry young woman, Shelagh Delaney, from stage to screen.

TELEVISION

Wed., July 11

Howard K. Smith: News & Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).* Summary and analysis of the week's important news stories.

Focus on America (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). The first in a series of ten award-winning documentaries, "Old Hand and the Weevil" tells the story of the drilling of an oil well.

Thurs., July 12

Accent (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). A look, from both sides of the footlights, at The American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., with Lawrence Langner as guest and Richard Basehart in a soliloquy from *Richard II*.

Fri., July 13

The World of Billy Graham (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). A repeat of last year's portrait of the evangelist.

Sat., July 14

Miss Universe Beauty Pageant (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.). With Dave Garroway as anchor man, Arlene Francis as hostess, and someone pretty as winner.

Sun., July 15

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). "New Churches for Today," the first of a two-part series on the influence

of modern architecture on U.S. church design. Cranston Jones, a TIME senior editor, is host.

Washington Conversation (CBS, 12:30-12:55 p.m.). Guest: Walter W. Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

Issues and Answers (ABC, 4-4:30 p.m.). Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Ribicoff is guest speaker, one day after he is expected to win the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator from Connecticut.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A repeat of "New York in the Twenties," with Publisher Alfred Knopf, Playwright Marc Connelly and Editor Stanley Walker as guests.

Mon., July 16

The Peace Corps in Tanganyika (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A repeat of last season's look at the progress of one Peace Corps operation from its training in Texas to its camp at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro. Color.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Boothbay Harbor, Me., Boothbay Playhouse: *Paddle Your Own Canoe*, a French comedy, makes its American debut.

Ogunquit, Me., Ogunquit Playhouse: World premiere and pre-Broadway run of *There Must Be a Pony*, by Jim Kirkwood Jr., starring Myrna Loy as a sort of West Coast Auntie Mae.

Matineux, R.I., Theater by-the-Sea: The Rhode Island edition of Greenwich Village's long-run (900 performances) hit musical, *The Fantasticks*.

Stratford, Conn., American Shakespeare Festival: *Richard II* and *Henry IV, Part 1*, plus an evening of *Shakespeare Revisited* (selected readings by Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans).

Westport, Conn., Nash's Barn: A new review based on the works of the late James Thurber, *The Beast in Me*, with music by Don Elliot and lyrics by James Costigan, and starring Frank McHugh.

Yonkers, N.Y., Westchester Dinner Theater: Dan Dailey in *Guys and Dolls*.

Mineola, N.Y., Playhouse: Graham Greene's *The Complainant*, Love, with Walter Pidgeon and Martha Scott.

New York City, New York Shakespeare Festival: George C. Scott's memorable *Shylock*, followed by *The Tempest*, in Central Park.

New Hope, Pa., Bucks County Playhouse: Burgess Meredith directs *A Ton of Bricks*, a Navy comedy by Max Wilk and W. J. Gordon.

Philadelphia, Playhouse in the Park: The world premiere of *Winterkill*, a drama by Arthur T. Hadley, based on a cold war incident in Berlin, starring Richard Carlson and Larry Gates.

Washington, D.C., Washington Shakespeare Festival: *As You Like It*.

Gaithersburg, Md., Shady Grove Music Fair: *Fiorello!*, with Tom Bosley, who created the role on Broadway.

Ohio River, Ky., Indiana University Showboat: *Majestic*. The showboat will tie up at Louisville for a variety show, then paddle downstream to West Point, Ky., and Brandenburg, Ky., with *Rip Van Winkle*.

Evergreen Park, Ill., Drury Lane: Joan Bennett as the Britisher-mama in *The Reluctant Delinquent*.

Ashland, Ore., Oregon Shakespeare Festival: *A Comedy of Errors*, *Henry IV, Part 2*, *As You Like It* and *Coriolanus*, in rotation.

Monterey, Calif., Wharf Theater: June Havoc in *The Threepenny Opera*.

Stratford, Ont., Stratford Shakespeare Festival: *Macbeth*, *The Tempest* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, plus *The Gondoliers*.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Letting Go, by Philip Roth. Characters are subtly and astringently drawn in this look at university life, but the book is overlong and suffers from a world-weary young hero.

Death of a Highbrow, by Frank Swinerton. The surviving member of a pair of old literary feudists is led, by his antagonist's death, to some uncomfortable conclusions about his own life. One of the best novels of an older English writer whose work is too little appreciated.

The Slave, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. The author, writing with a skill that frequently gives his tale the force of legend, recasts the Biblical story of Jacob and Rachel in war-ravaged 17th century Poland.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. Like an old man yarning on the back stoop, a Nobel prizewinner indulges himself and the reader in a fond and very funny story.

Saint Francis, by Nikos Kazantzakis. In a superb retelling, the great saint's life reveals physical anguish endured with spiritual strength.

Unofficial Rose, by Iris Murdoch. A spritely, philosophically provocative excursion into upper-class English affairs of the heart.

The Wax Boom, by George Mandel. In the darkness of modern combat, a symbolic company of infantrymen meet death by candlelight.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. A look at Civil War writing becomes that rarity—a fresh and unsentimental centennial tribute.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. A monument to mortal folly, ashore and afloat.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (1st week)
2. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (2)
3. *Dearlly Beloved*, Lindbergh (5)
4. *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger (3)
5. *Uhuru*, Ruark
6. *Devil Water*, Seaton (7)
7. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone (4)
8. *The Big Laugh*, O'Hara (10)
9. *The Reivers*, Faulkner
10. *The Prize*, Wallace

NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (1)
2. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (2)
3. *Calories Don't Count*, Teller (3)
4. *The Guns of August*, Chamberlain (4)
5. *In the Clearing*, Frost (5)
6. *The Making of the President 1960*, White (7)
7. *Six Crises*, Nixon (6)
8. *One Man's Freedom*, Williams
9. *Conversations with Stalin*, Dijas (8)
10. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson



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